

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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A TOUCH OF OLD SEA LIFE: H.M.S. "ACTIVE" AND H.M.S. "VOLAGE" GOING OUT OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR UNDER SAIL ONLY.

"When the *Active*, Commodore Harris, and the *Volage*, Captain Gissing, left Portsmouth on Friday for Portland, the wind was fair, and orders were accordingly given for them to sail out. The *Active* was moored in the stream, but the *Volage* was alongside one of the jetties. A tug was at hand to render any necessary help, but it was not required, as both vessels proceeded under all plain sail to join the *Calypso* and *Ruby* at Portland. It is many years since a man-of-war made her way out of Portsmouth Harbour without the aid of steam."—DAILY PAPER.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Judges, I see, have been dining at Greenwich together, and in the late uncheerful weather. This is greatly to their credit. A love for whitebait is a sign of a youthful disposition: I am thankful to say I have it myself, though I must admit that the fish seem to be larger than they used to be. What a marvellous attraction they must have had for the human race, that we went to Greenwich to eat them, by one of the worst railways or one of the ugliest roads in England! To be sure there is the water-way, very pleasant in summer time, though rather tedious, especially as regards the return journey; but one must be young and strong for such violent delights. I am told, however, that even our gilt youth no longer go to Greenwich: the tramways have made the road impassable for their four-in-hands, and the place has not the same attractions. The Trafalgar, I hear, is no more; if it has not sunk beneath the wave fast by its native shore, it has disappeared so far as hospitality is concerned; the rooms named after our naval heroes—though I fear without often evoking their memories—are closed; the balconies in which so many Romeos have wooed so many Juliets, and from which we watched the stately ships, and where our spirits would have rushed together, but for the presence of the mud-larkers below with their ceaseless cry, "Eave us a copper"—are deserted. It was expensive, but it was very very nice. The little dinners were much better than the big ones, because at the latter Juliet's sisters were present, and also her cousins and her aunts. But when we were young even the big ones had their charm. In those days tobacco was not, as now, to be obtained everywhere after dinner; Mrs. Grundy and Miss Prim objected to it, but never at Greenwich.

I remember my first dinner at the Trafalgar as though it were yesterday, except the host, whose personality has escaped me. "I can't think who the deuce it was who gave me that forget-me-not." It was a very large party, however, all males, and I had come over by invitation from the Woolwich Academy, where I was a cadet at the time, by far the youngest guest. Fortunately I had for my neighbour a veteran diner-out, who took compassion on my inexperience. He had arranged his napkin about his neck, as though he were going to be shaved, and intended, I think, to be as silent as persons who undergo that operation needs must be. He was not wont to waste his lips in speech when so much had to be done with them, but the alacrity which I showed in the disposal of the turtle and iced punch touched his kind heart. "It is beautiful, my young friend," he murmured, "to note your appetite. I would give five pounds for it, this moment, if it were purchasable; but it is my duty to tell you that you cannot live through this dinner, nor even the half of it—the course is too long for you—at your present rate of speed. You have had two helps of soup and two glasses of punch, I observe. If you go on taking things in duplicate you will be—well, extremely ill. Be guided by me." From this I understood that I was to follow his example, and I did so. He meant well, but forgot that at sixteen one is not so used to eight different kinds of wine as at sixty. "Sit quite still, my dear boy," he presently observed, perceiving that I had grown deadly pale, "and shut your eyes. When the rose-water comes I will let you know." I don't know what happened after that, but the next thing I heard him say was, "Dip your napkin into the rose-water, and touch the lobes of your ears with it; it is almost as good as nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, in which I am pleased to see you have been indulging. It is what we lawyers call 'a refresher.'" That is how I came to know that he was a lawyer. Nevertheless, he was a good man, and, without doubt, preserved me, or rather reprimed me, from the catastrophe that took place later on. As soon as I got into the open air I became, as he had prophesied, extremely ill.

On a somewhat later occasion, having dined with a young friend at the same caravanserai, not wisely but too well, it struck us that a walk in the park would be beneficial. On the way to our destination, we had in those days to pass a terrace of little houses, at the door of each of which stood an hospitable matron inviting the passer-by to "tea and shrimps in the harbour." "What do they mean by that," inquired my friend, "when it is inland? This is very remarkable, and when I come to think of it we have had no tea." We had had everything else, however, and I tried to persuade him that another meal would be superfluous. But he was obstinate, said that he was always accustomed to take tea at home, and put the matter on the ground of domestic duty. So in we went, and were served in the smallest of tea-gardens with about a gallon of shrimps and six eggs. We could not have eaten a shrimp, much less an egg, to oblige anybody, but to leave the feast untouched would have been to injure the feelings of our hostess. While I was thinking what could be done, my friend, who was a man of impulse rather than reflection, threw all the eggs over the wall and the shrimps after them. Fortunately the corresponding arbour on the other side was vacant of guests. We congratulated one another upon this escape from our difficulty, and, after a decent interval, asked for our bill. The face of the neat-handed Phyllis who brought it, as she

stared at our vacant table, was a study. "Where are the eggs?" she said. "We have eaten them." "What, and the shells?" Then we perceived that we had committed an error. We had to bribe her to secrecy. The expense was small in comparison with our charges at the Trafalgar, but we both felt that it had been more extravagant, because superfluous.

A youth of sixteen years of age has been tried at Aix for killing an old man at his own desire. The account of the affair, as given by the correspondent of the *Daily News*, is remarkable. It was not the first time, nor the second, of the man's preferring his request. He was afflicted by a painful and incurable disease, which rendered life insupportable. The boy seems at first to have doubted, as well he might, if the other was in earnest, and, when convinced of it, inquired very naturally why he did not put an end to himself with his own hands. The old man replied he had religious objections—a strange plea enough for shifting a crime on to another's shoulders. In the end, however, a bribe of seventy-two pounds overcame the young fellow's scruples. The other bought him a knife for the purpose in question, treated him to several glasses of absinthe, and "begged him to smoke in order to deaden his feelings." This last precaution does not seem to have been very necessary, for the youth related the commission of the crime with the utmost composure. "I had a little blood on my fingers, so I washed them in the sea." "Did you feel no remorse, no terror?" inquired the judge, with natural curiosity. "A little, yes," was the quiet rejoinder. The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," but the Court sentenced the prisoner to be sent to the House of Correction till he should be twenty years of age. The incident as it stands is probably unparalleled; but how often must it happen that the same pathetic appeal—without the bribe—is made to the medical adviser? "Something to end this intolerable agony, which you know even better than I do," whispers the patient, "can have only one end." Why should the rack be strained and strained again, when the victim is never to leave it? The example quoted by the author of "Euthanasia," or by some medical journal commenting upon it at the time, was, I remember, of a lady who some months before her confinement fell down stairs and injured her spine. The question was, in view of the continuous agony caused by the accident, and of the fact that when the time of her trouble arrived her demise was certain, what course the doctors would be justified in adopting. The same arguments were then advanced against the advocates of mercy as were used in later years against the use of chloroform, as being an interference with the laws of nature. If this be wrongdoing, surely to a tender heart—and there are many such in the medical profession, notwithstanding what has been written of the dyer's hand—there can be no temptation more terrible to resist.

Even in the comparatively sedate columns of the *Times* what wants or wishes find expression! In a recent copy, "Persons in spiritual trouble" are invited to call at an address where they will find "matured Christian ladies" to get them out of their difficulties. "There need be no reference," we are told, "to Church or Creed," which seems a little like the making of bricks without straw, or omelettes without breaking of eggs. In the same issue, "A young gentleman of good birth and social position" makes his appeal to "the Heirless and the Wealthy." He offers "the Highest references" (with a capital H), but exhibits no special aptitude for anything particular; he would "assist in managing an estate" or (which seems rather a sharp descent in the way of employment) "make himself generally useful." Are these and the like advertisements, one wonders, ever attended to? or do the advertisers give ear to one another? What would happen, for example, if the young gentleman of good birth sought adoption at the hand of the matured Christian ladies?

A hundred years ago there were no such flights as these, but the form of the advertisement was stranger. For example, in the *Times* of June 17, 1796, a horse for sale is advertised in verse—

A MARE's to be SOLD,  
About six years old,  
That's warranted perfectly sound;  
Her height's fourteen hands  
And an inch as she stands,  
And will trot freely all the way round.  
The mare's to be seen  
Any time that's between  
The hours of twelve and of three,  
At the inn called One Bell,  
In the Strand they will tell,  
Price twenty-five guineas and three.

There were no society journals, but the personal paragraph was quite as popular as at present, and much more offensive. In the *Morning Post* of about the same date as the above, we are told, "Since the illness of a certain great personage [George the Third's first attack of insanity] Lady Young has entirely surmounted her religious qualms, and is determined once more, in defiance of the proclamation, to fix her concerts on the Sabbath Day." Nor is the modern practice of "guying" the pictures at the Royal Academy a novelty. This is what the *Morning Post* of a century ago has to say about "Theseus receiving the Clue from Ariadne," by Fuseli: "Poor Theseus, with a broken leg, is endeavouring to support Ariadne, whose figure

suggests more the idea of a sick idiot than a beautiful woman. While we pity the situation of these two lovers, we cannot forbear laughing at the little cock-tailed Minotaur galloping about for amusement in the distance." While of "Portraits of Three Children," by Renagle, we read, "The colouring of this picture is currant jelly and chalk."

"What a game!" is a vulgar expression much in vogue during bank holidays and unsuited to a classic style, yet it naturally rises to the lips when one gathers from the present controversy on the subject that "eight hours is not too slow for a well contested match at chess." The most recent conflicts—such as those between Tarrasch and Tschigorin (nice names to call over the balusters), and Steinitz and Lasker—averaged seven hours, and this reckless precipitation is thought by some to account for their unusually large average of faults. It is fair to say, however, that there are some good players who advocate an even higher rate of speed, and these appear to be forming a sort of Chess Trade Union in favour of a six-hours game. One of them tells us that he once saw Herr Harrwitz take twenty minutes over his first move. This is longer than Mr. Winkle took to throw off his coat after he had made up his mind to combat the small boy. Herr Kolisch on one occasion took two hours over three of his moves. With these good folks chess would seem to be a game, like Shakspere, for all time, and "verging" (like the famous speech of the Scotch advocate) "on eternity itself." What seems very strange is that the absurdity of these protracted games seems to have been recognised long ago, and a time limit as to moves imposed, and recorded by the hour-glass; but I suppose, as in the case of the extempore preacher under the same circumstances, the temptation to "take another glass" was found to be too strong.

A bride in Silesia, while at the altar being married, possessed herself, we are told, of a watch belonging to one of the bridal party, and is in trouble in consequence. The question is being considered as to whether the offence may not have been caused by "an excess of joy," which affected the lady's brain. If it was a genuine case of pocket-picking, it is difficult to conceive a more striking example of devotion to business. Most brides are supposed to be a little nervous, and one would imagine that almost the very last thing they would think about is how to gain possession of the watch of their husband's best man; but given the idea, the opportunity no doubt is full of temptation.

If it be true that the Anti-Gambling League have summoned the lessees of the Northampton racecourse for permitting betting in their enclosures, as a test case, it is probable they will find their work cut out for them. It is not necessary to read "Esther Waters" to know how widespread is the attraction of the Turf, and there is little doubt that any attack upon its patrons will be resisted with even more vehemence than an attempt to rob a poor man of his beer. Whatever may be thought of the matter, the action of the league is at least courageous, and favourably contrasts with the petty persecutions carried on by the Sabbatarians and other faddists, who, like school bullies, always select the small fry to pick their quarrels with. When the A.G.L. has put a stop to betting at Epsom, it will doubtless turn its attention to the outside broker in the City; and even then it will not have to complain, like Alexander, that it has no more worlds to conquer.

There are some things of a useful character constantly asserted and generally believed in, which, nevertheless, seem never to be practically adopted. There is, for example, no fact more insisted on by science, and so far as I know admitted by everyone, than that eggs can be preserved by smearing them with butter. The discovery was made years ago, but our eggs are no fresher, and seem rather to get from bad to worse. Another secret, the revelation of which is due to science, is that oil properly paid out from a vessel in difficulties will smooth her course for her even in the most tempestuous sea. Of course, we hear now and then of buttered eggs—indeed, independently of the well-known breakfast dish—but only a few persons adopt the precaution, and similarly now and then we hear of oil having been thrown upon the troubled waters for the purposes of navigation; but as a general rule both these discoveries are disregarded. It is, therefore, pleasant to read of a sea captain the other day utilising one of them by adaptation which requires a higher degree of intelligence than the use of the genuine article. His ship was getting very much knocked about, when he bethought him of the oil remedy; but, unfortunately, except what the mate used for his hair, there was no oil on board. There was however, plenty of soap, and, dissolving it in the proportion of six pounds to twenty quarts of water, he threw the mixture in the sea, where it formed a sort of oleaginous barrier around his vessel against which the waves broke quite harmlessly. Thus even a pleasure yacht can secure itself if the passengers can be prevailed upon to part with this article of the toilet. The incident could be used very strikingly as an advertisement of somebody's soap: it is a branch of usefulness which, strange to say, has hitherto escaped the notice of the enterprising dealers in that commodity.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Mr. Maclure does not often adorn the debates of the House, but there was an undeniable fitness in his appeal for an adjournment over Derby Day. To look at, Mr. Maclure is the ideal of the fine old English sportsman. His white hair and ruddy features suggest the combination of hale maturity and the spirit of inexhaustible youth. His sincerity was manifest. There have been wits who made the House roar over the case for a Parliamentary holiday on the Derby Wednesday. Lord Elcho, for instance, once made a diverting speech which is historic. But Mr. Maclure disdained the meretricious arts of the humorist, and treated the topic as one of grave national import. His great point was that to adjourn would be to do honour to the Prime Minister, and he suggested with much adroitness that for the House to sit on Derby Day would be disrespectful to the noble owner of Ladas. Was not horse-racing the traditional sport of Britons? Was not the Prime Minister one of the greatest pillars of the Turf? How could the Liberal party put a slur upon its leader by refusing to recognise the great Rosebery festival? Mr. Maclure did not use these words, but this was the spirit of his discourse, and as he wagged his white poll with fervent energy, the House was a good deal more impressed by his simple periods than by the magniloquence of Mr. Chaplin, who seconded the motion. But Sir William Harcourt refused to fall down and worship Ladas. He said the Government were the trustees of the national time, and they could not sacrifice it to the Derby. In this stern resolve Sir William was sustained in the division lobby by a large majority, and having thus vindicated a reputation for unflagging industry, the House proceeded cheerfully to deal with Clause 2 of the Budget. But Mr. Maclure, who had announced his determination to go to the Derby, whatever happened, seemed to be convinced that

Sir William Harcourt's action portended a fresh schism in the Cabinet. How could a Prime Minister who owned the favourite sit at the same council-board with a Chancellor of the Exchequer who preferred the public business to Epsom race-course? To Mr. Maclure this is evidently one of the problems of the age.

The Budget debates are little more than a series of gladiatorial bouts between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Goschen. To pass this Budget will certainly give Sir William uncommon pleasure, but his chief delight is in the opportunities it affords him for trouncing his old antagonist in finance. Mr. Goschen is equally ready for the fray, but he suffers from the misgivings in the ranks behind him about the fight against this Budget. It was a depressing moment for Mr. Goschen when he was left by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain to resist the principle of graduated taxation almost alone. Mr. Chamberlain frankly declared that he had always approved this principle, and that he must support the Government against the Conservative amendment.

Mr. Balfour said the principle might be right, but that it had no business in this Budget, a conclusion hailed by the Liberals with hilarious cheers. Mr. Goschen manfully stuck to his guns, but he had the mortification of seeing his leader walk out without voting, while the majority for the Government rose above a hundred. Nor was the Opposition any happier in the discussion of "settlements." It was proposed that all landed property settled prior to the passing of the Act should be exempt from estate duty till the reversionary interests were exhausted, a process which, as Sir William Harcourt remarked, might occupy a couple of generations. On the question of "settlements" the lawyers were naturally eloquent. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had declared that, as a rule, "settlements" were pernicious, an opinion for which he was tremendously rated by Sir Richard Webster. Mr. Grant Lawson, whose speech was described by Sir William Harcourt as "a series of acrostics," drew a terrible picture of the ruin which would befall many families if "settled" property were made to pay a larger contribution to the revenue. Incidentally, Mr. Balfour said that people who owned estates of the value of ten thousand pounds belonged to the "struggling classes," a phrase which must be interesting to the multitude of taxpayers to whom ten thousand pounds would be a handsome fortune. Mr. Grant Lawson's plea for "settlements" was not successful, and the swinging majority for graduation marked the beginning of a new era in our finance.

But if the Opposition have been under a cloud in the Budget debates, they had their revenge in the discussion about Uganda. After much delay, the Government have made up their minds to establish a Protectorate over Uganda, but they have not made up their minds to construct a railway between that country and the coast. Mr. Labouchere, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Storey denounced the Protectorate, and Mr. Chamberlain, in one of his most effective speeches, proclaimed our imperial destiny in African colonisation. He was particularly happy in his satire on Mr. Storey. Had the honourable member for Sunderland been a grandee at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, he

would have scouted the expedition of Columbus. This suggestion of Mr. Storey's courtly Spanish grace tickled the House immensely. Why the Government were unwilling to undertake the railway was not clearly explained. Sir William Harcourt took no part in the debate—a modest seclusion which invited comparisons with his hostility to the acquisition of Uganda when the Unionists were in office. It looks as if the railway would be left to Sir William's successor. Sir Edward Grey, who has cultivated the equanimity of the Foreign Office with great success, was able to announce that by a treaty with the King of the Belgians the Government have secured a right of way between Uganda and the British territories further south. Every step in this business confirms Mr. Chamberlain's belief that it is impossible to set a definite limit to the spread of imperial authority in Africa.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

The arrival in England, on leave of absence from his official post in Central Africa, of Mr. Henry Hamilton Johnston, her Majesty's Commissioner for Nyassaland and the region of Central Africa north of the river Zambezi, calls for some notice of his past services. He is thirty-six years of age, was born in London and educated at King's College, and, having studied painting at the Royal Academy, exhibited some pictures; but in 1880 he betook himself to African travel. After visiting Algeria and Tunis he went in 1882 to West Africa, ascended the Congo, and wrote a book about it when he came home. In 1884 he conducted a geographical exploring expedition to Mount Kilimanjaro and the Masai



MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, BRITISH COMMISSIONER FOR CENTRAL AFRICA,  
IN THE GARDENS OF THE RESIDENCY AT ZOMBA, NYASSALAND.

country in East Africa, upon which he published another book in 1886. Mr. Johnston was appointed Vice-Consul in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, on the West African coast. He surveyed a portion of the Niger territories in 1887, and wrote, in the tale called "History of a Slave," a truthful and touching account of the cruelties and miseries suffered by the victims of the inhuman Moorish traffic in negro captives, with the aid of the Touaregs, all over the Western Soudan, to the south of Morocco and Tunis. In 1889 Mr. Johnston, having been promoted to be Consul in Portuguese East Africa, visited Lake Nyassa and the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika, to aid in settling the disputes between the Arab traders and chiefs and the British African Lakes Company, whose settlements and plantations are on the Shiré River, in the highlands of Blantyre, and at the south end of Lake Nyassa. There is no part of Central Africa—not excepting either Mashonaland or Uganda—in which civilising and missionary agencies have so good a prospect of success. The native population is reckoned at two millions, and the country is easy of access. Since the establishment in July 1891 of an effective administration under the rule of Mr. Johnston, as Imperial Commissioner, much has been done. With his military assistants, the late Captain Maguire, Major Johnson, Captain Edwards, and Lieutenant Manning, in command of a small force of Sikhs and Zanzibaris, aided by two gun-boats under Commander Robertson and Lieutenant Villiers, Mr. Johnston has chastised the hostile slave-trading chiefs; and his final victory, on March 28, over the most powerful of these enemies, named Makanjira, is an event probably decisive in favour of the peace of that region. These operations, and the other beneficial results of Mr. Johnston's government, have attracted less public notice in England than they merit, because so much attention was being directed to Uganda and to the late Matabili campaign, with which, of course, they have no connection whatever. It is to be hoped that a complete narrative of all that has been done in the Lake Nyassa region during the past three years will soon be published, and that her Majesty's Government will be encouraged to provide ample means for the maintenance of a Protectorate there.

## A TOUCH OF OLD SEA LIFE.

An unwanted spectacle of late years in the handling of ships of the Royal Navy was beheld at Portsmouth the other day, when two second-class unarmoured cruisers, H.M.S. *Active* and H.M.S. *Volage*, sailed out of the harbour without the aid of steam. Each of these ships, of course, has her engines, the one of 4530-horse power, the other of 4130-horse power, which give her a speed exceeding fifteen knots an hour; and, carrying over four hundred tons of coal, she can steam two thousand knots when required. But on this occasion, the wind being fair, they were ordered to go out under sail only, and started briskly to join the other ships at Portland. It is said that the last time, and the time before that, many years ago, when ships of her Majesty's fleet left Portsmouth by means of their canvas, the voyage proved disastrous. The training-ship *Eurydice* capsized in a squall of wind, under the cliffs of the Isle of Wight, on March 24, 1878, with the loss of nearly three hundred lives; and the *Atalanta* was lost at sea—nothing known of her fate till 1890, when the remains of her hull, as was supposed, were found in mid-ocean, in the latitude of the Azores. But it would be superstitious to consider these incidents as of ill omen for the practice of sailing, in which, no doubt, both officers and seamen are quite as skilful as they formerly were.

## THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

This series of performances of skill and strength, by men of the Army and Auxiliary forces, horse and foot, was opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall on Thursday, May 31. Among the visitors from day to day were Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord William Seymour, and other military officers of rank. The 1st Life Guards, the Scots Guards, the 20th Hussars, and two batteries of Horse Artillery, as well as many Yeomanry Cavalry troops

and Volunteer battalions, contributed to the varied programme of martial displays and athletic exercises. For the combined exhibition of all arms, a model of a Soudanese native town on the banks of the Nile was erected, to be attacked by a British force. A light bridge having been thrown across an imaginary stream, the advanced guard of troops pushed forward and prepared to bivouac; they were soon engaged with the enemy, but were relieved by the arrival of successive reinforcements, with a mountain battery and machine-guns. A party of the Royal Engineers constructed a pontoon bridge, and a balloon was sent up to examine the interior of the fortress. These operations resulted in driving out the Soudanese garrison, whose first sortie is shown in our illustration of the scene.

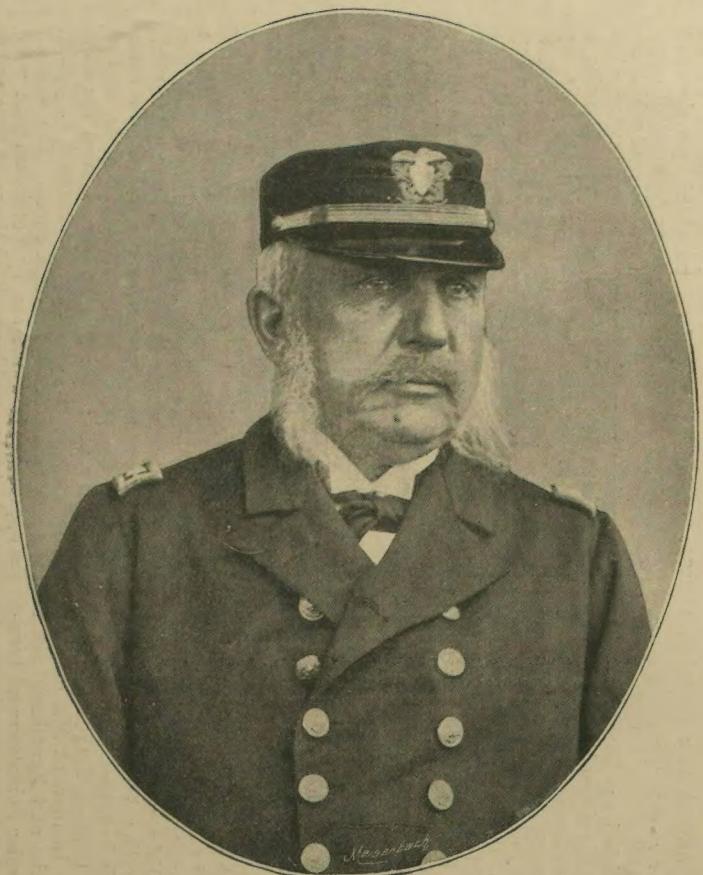
## ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY'S OFFICES

Any casual visitor to the City in the last two or three years may have noticed a great improvement in the buildings of many of the banks and public offices. The latest instance is the interior of the remodelled premises of the Atlas Assurance Company in Cheapside, of which we give

Illustrations on another page. The front exterior has very wisely been left undisturbed, while the extension of the premises in the rear has been carried out in a style to harmonise with the remainder of the building. But upon entering, whoever remembers the solid but cramped appearance of the old office, with its huge granite pillars, will be struck with the remarkable change effected by Messrs. A. Waterhouse and Son, the architects. It is an example of the use of the new mode of wall-covering, with faience tiling, which is capable of the utmost variety of decorative treatment. The ground-floor walls are entirely covered with faience tiles of Doulton manufacture. The prevailing colour is a quiet yellow, varied with tints of ivory and warm brown. The whole effect is extremely pleasing in combination with the rich mahogany of the fittings, the artistic ceiling, and the mosaic pavement of the public space, continued from end to end of the ground-floor, having on each side a range of Ionic columns tiled in harmony with the walls. This noble ground-floor office, in which the business of the town fire and life departments is transacted, is supplemented by a handsome first floor, where the tile treatment is somewhat different, the pillars being of lighter tints, and square instead of round. On this floor are located the directors' rooms, those of the secretary, Mr. Samuel J. Pipkin, and the agency office of the fire department. The second floor, the approaches to which are by a staircase with wrought-iron balustrades, and by a lift of the most approved make, is devoted to the foreign department and the accountants. The lady typewriters' and the housekeeper's rooms are on the upper floor. The entire building shows an agreeable transformation, from a heavy dark interior cut up into a great number of small rooms, to a series of fine commodious floors, light and airy. The building is fire-proof throughout; and the floors, constructed on the Mark Fawcett system, covered with wood blocks, are light, fireproof, and noiseless. The premises are fitted with electric apparatus. We understand that this is the third large improvement or addition made by the Atlas Assurance Company to its Cheapside premises since its first occupation of them in 1808.

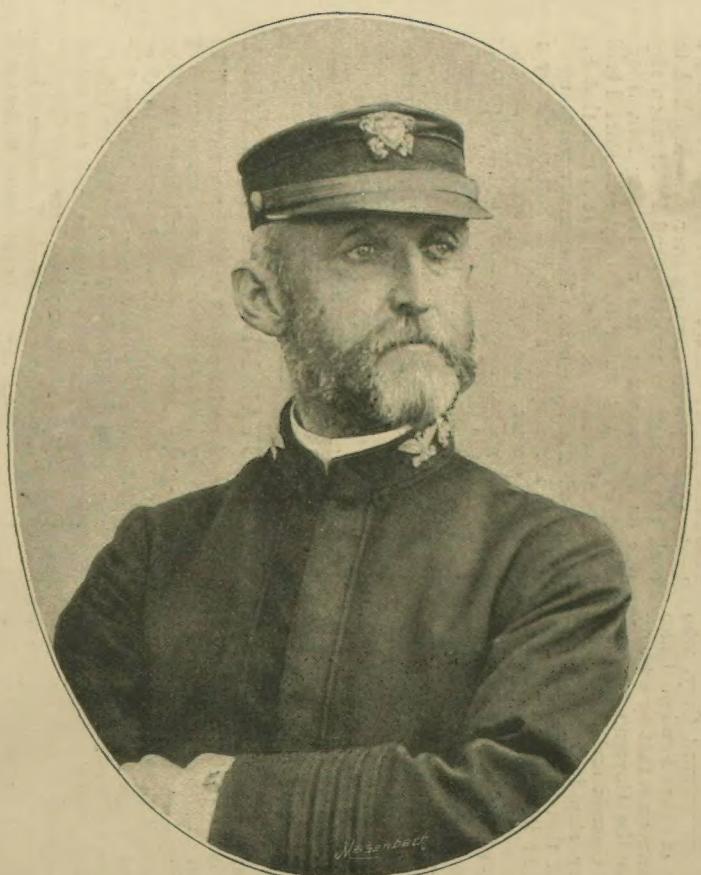
OUR AMERICAN NAVAL VISITORS ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "CHICAGO."

*From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*

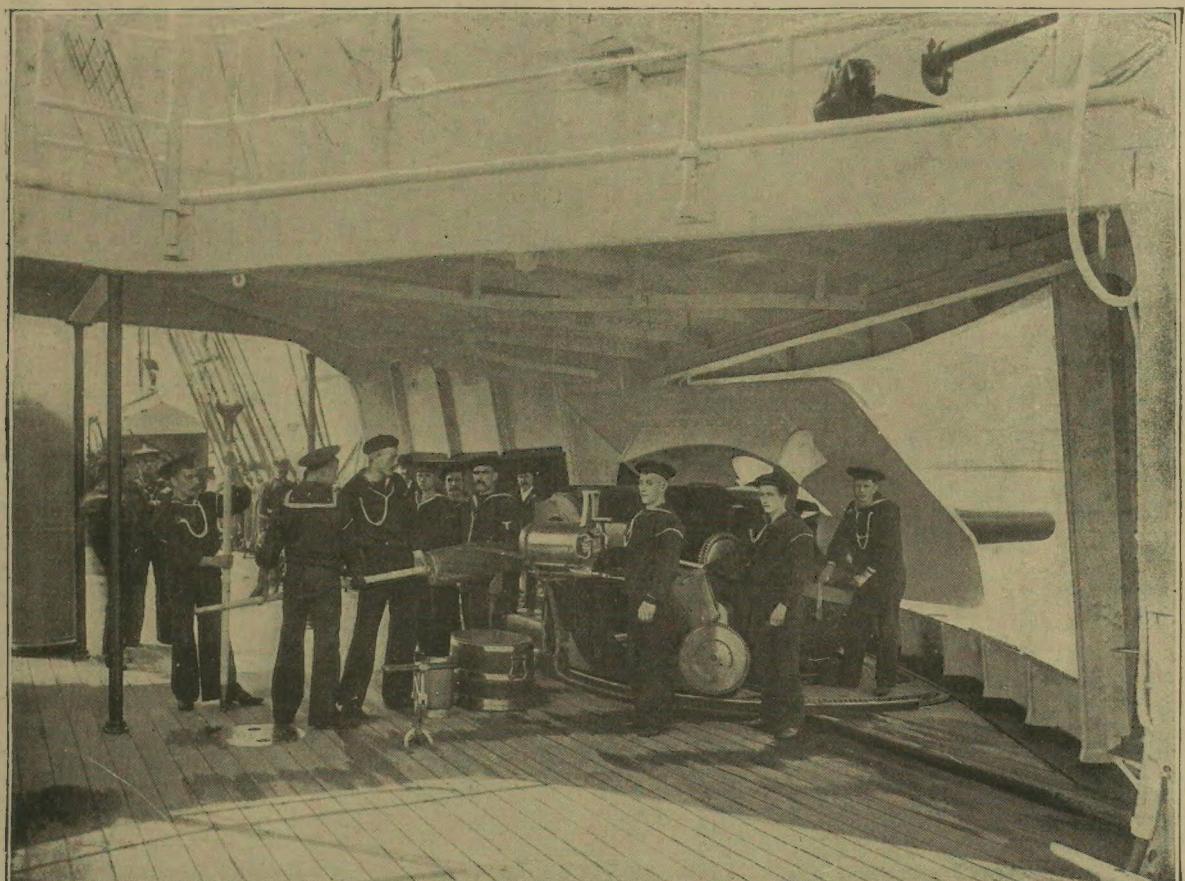


ADMIRAL HENRY ERBEN.

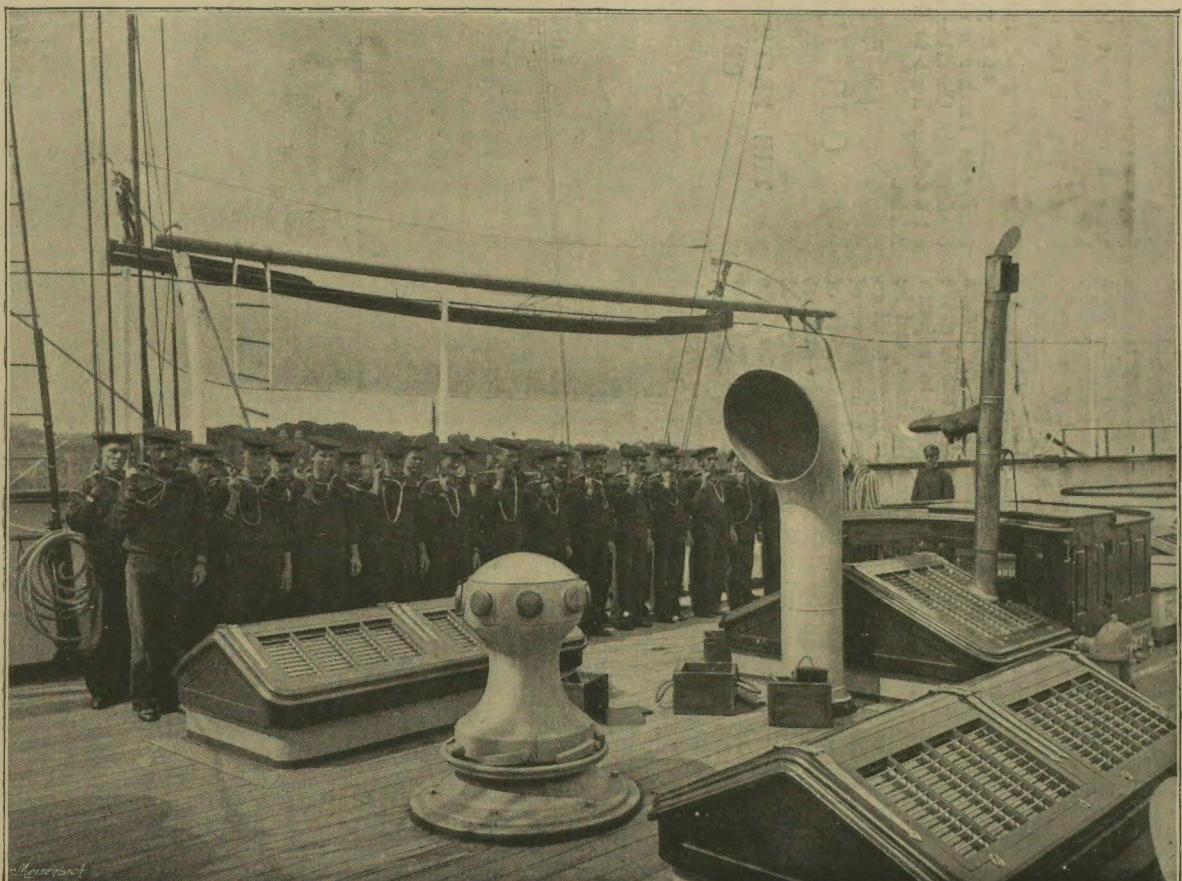
The departure from the Thames of the United States cruiser *Chicago*, with those distinguished officers, Admiral Henry Erben and Captain Alfred T. Mahan, the latter widely known as an author of excellent works of naval history, leaves with us highly agreeable impressions of the character of the American sea-service. With the portraits of our gallant and accomplished recent guests above named, who were recently entertained in London at a special banquet given in honour of their visit to England, we present also Illustrations of the practice of deck drill and gun drill by the seamen on board their ship. The *Chicago*, though a fine specimen of her class, is not one of the most powerful war-ships, being unarmoured, except a partial protection of the deck with plates five-eighths of an inch thick. Her dimensions are 315 ft. length and 48 ft. 2 in. breadth, with 19 ft. draught of water, giving a displacement of 4500 tons. She is built of steel. The engines are of 5000-horse power, working two screw-propellers, and giving a speed of fifteen knots an hour. The ship carries 940 tons of coal, sufficient for steaming 6000 knots at the speed of ten knots an hour. Her armament consists of four eight-inch guns, eight six-inch, and two of five-inch calibre, with four quick-firing guns and two machine-guns. She is evidently a very effective cruiser; but the *Columbia*, now building for the United States Navy, will be one of far greater dimensions, with stout deck and belt armour, with engines of 21,000-horse power, having a speed of twenty-two knots.



CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.



GUN DRILL.



DECK DRILL.



THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL: SORTIE OF THE SUDANESE GARRISON.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral. The Princess of Wales, on Thursday, May 31, held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace, and on Monday, June 4, the Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, at which six hundred persons were presented.

The Prince of Wales, on Tuesday, May 29, went to visit the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Elmhurst Hall, near Lichfield, visited that town, and was present at the centenary festival of the Queen's Own Staffordshire Yeomanry, and returned to London on Thursday, May 31.

The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, the Duchess of Fife, and the Duke and Duchess of York, visited the Royal Military Tournament on Tuesday, June 5.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has returned to England from Germany. The Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania have come to London on a visit to the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on Saturday, June 2, went to Guildford, to the show of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, received an address from the Mayor and Corporation, and were entertained at luncheon by Sir E. H. Carbutt, chairman of the local committee. On June 4 their Royal Highnesses visited the Earl's Court Exhibition and the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife visited the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and presented prizes to pupils of metropolitan schools for essays written at the invitation of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Thirty-nine principal prizes were gained by Board schools, and twenty by denominational schools. The schools competing numbered 1133, and 83,449 essays were written. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Galway, Lady Belhaven, and other persons of rank were present.

Lord Rosebery was the principal guest of the Provost of Eton at the Fourth of June annual festival, heard the recitals of Latin and Greek, French, German, and even Welsh pieces by the boys, and made a pleasant speech at the luncheon, with some reminiscences of his own schoolboy life. It was stated that in ninety years there have been nine Prime Ministers who were Eton boys—perhaps not nine winners of the Derby!

The jubilee celebration of the founding of the Young Men's Christian Association began on Friday evening, June 1, with a special service at Westminster Abbey, where the Bishop of London preached. Next morning, in Exeter Hall, the conference of nearly 1700 delegates, Sir George Williams presiding, was opened, to continue its sittings on Monday and Tuesday. The delegates were from all parts of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, the United States, and different countries of Europe, including an international committee at Geneva. They were entertained at dinner in a grand marquee on the Victoria Embankment, and were received by the Lord Mayor of London, on Monday evening, at Guildhall, where the freedom of the City had been presented to Sir George Williams. Special services were held at St. Paul's Cathedral, at the City Temple, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and at other churches and chapels. On Wednesday, June 6, there was a great meeting at Guildhall, and next day a visit to Windsor Castle.

The London cab-drivers' strike, by which the cab proprietors have already lost £65,000, may possibly be ended by an agreement to form a Board of Conciliation, six or ten representatives on each side, with the Home Secretary as mediator, or what the Scotch call "moderator," on the lines of the arrangement made for the coal-miners' and colliery proprietors' dispute.

The London Nonconformist Council, on June 5, met at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, and resolved on a manifesto urging the electors to choose candidates for the London School Board opposed to the reactionary policy of forcing distinctive religious doctrines upon the teachers and scholars of the Board schools.

A conference of the National Reform Union was held on June 5 at the Westminster Town Hall, Mr. Philip Stanhope, M.P. in the chair. Mr. Labouchere, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and other members of Parliament spoke. Resolutions were passed to abolish the House of Lords, to establish universal suffrage, and to concede Irish Home Rule, local option, and the eight-hours labour law.

The new buildings of the extension of the Indian Institute at Oxford were opened by the Vice-Chancellor of the University on June 2, Sir Monier Williams, Professor of Sanscrit, and Sir W. W. Hunter taking part in the proceedings.

A free exhibition of pictures, including many works by Mr. G. F. Watts, was opened at the Borough Road Polytechnic on June 2 by Professor Herkomer. It has been arranged by the members of the Women's University

Settlement in Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, for the benefit of the people of Lambeth and Southwark.

A short line, only three miles, connecting Lee-on-Solent, opposite Cowes, with the London and South-Western Railway, was opened on May 31 by the Countess of Clanwilliam. Her Ladyship was accompanied by Admiral Lord Clanwilliam, General Sir F. Fitzwygram, Sir Charles and Lady Robinson, and the Mayor of Portsmouth. Lee-on-Solent is a new seaside village built on Sir Charles Robinson's estate.

The Judges of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice on May 24 passed a series of resolutions for the holding of at least three Courts of Nisi Prius, and one Court in Banco, continuously throughout the legal year; or more Courts when a sufficient number of Judges are available; no Court to sit on Saturdays, as a rule, for the trial of jury causes, but for Crown cases reserved, or registration and bankruptcy appeals; commercial causes to be tried by a separate Court. These rules come into operation on June 15.

The Society of Authors had its annual dinner on May 31 at the Holborn Restaurant; Mr. Leslie Stephen, who presided, Sir Frederick Pollock, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Conan Doyle, and Mr. Edmund Gosse were the speakers. It was stated by Sir F. Pollock that a committee, representing several associations of business men, is about to be formed, to deal with the question of Canadian copyright.

The foundation-stone of the clergy-house and mission buildings in St. Mary Matfelon, Whitechapel, was laid on May 30 by the Duchess of Teck. In these buildings will be four sets of rooms for the additional clergy, a spacious hall, to be used as a working men's club-room, a gymnasium for boys, and class-rooms. Among those present were the

expenditure. But the Premier, Signor Crispi, who still commands a majority in the Chamber, will probably form a new Cabinet.

The German Emperor William II. has undergone a slight surgical operation at the hands of Professor Bergmann, who cut a small abscess or tumour out of his left cheek, but the wound is almost healed.

The Hungarian Ministry of Dr. Wekerle has resigned office, on account of the Emperor Francis Joseph's refusal to promise that, if the Chamber of Magnates (House of Lords) a second time threw out the Civil Marriage Bill, a sufficient number of peers should be created to give the Government a majority in that Chamber.

In the United States of America great disturbances are still arising from the prolonged colliery strikes in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, and Indiana. The Governor of Indiana has had to call out eight companies of militia and a detachment of artillery with a Gatling gun for the purpose of suppressing disorder. The strikers have torn up parts of the line of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railway, and a train was thrown into a ditch and wrecked. The militia are marching towards the disturbed parts of the State.

The Premier of New Zealand, Mr. R. J. Seddon, has issued an invitation to the Governments of all the Australasian colonies to make a joint protest to Sir William Harcourt against the proposed death duties, so far as they affect property, whether real or personal, in the Colonies. He contends that the duties would press most unjustly upon British capitalists holding investments in Australasia, and upon colonists returning home.

It is stated at Berlin that the German Government has lodged a protest with the Government of the Congo Free State against the Anglo-Belgian Agreement. There is also a rumour of negotiations for a fresh delimitation of the frontier between British East Africa and German in South-West Africa.

## THE MINIATURE STAGE AT WINDSOR.

The special performance, on May 18, at Windsor Castle, by Madame Eleonora Duse and the Italian company from Daly's Theatre, of Goldoni's comedy, "La Locandiera," has already been mentioned. But something more can be said of the arrangements which her manager, Mr. Hugo Görslitz, made for that occasion to produce an elegant and artistic *mise en scène*. The stage was erected in the White Drawing-Room, while the adjacent Green Drawing-Room was made to serve as a green-room for the accommodation of the actors and actresses. It was necessary to paint special scenery on a scale (12 ft. by 9 ft.) to accord with the dimensions of the room. The scene represented was the interior of an ancient Italian inn, which suffices for the three acts. The stage, furnished by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, was solidly constructed on the "box" principle. A special proscenium of old oak was also made in London, draped with old gold and scarlet curtains dividing in the centre, and surmounted by the royal arms. The drop-curtain was of a gold-striped green material, in agreeable contrast of colours. In front was a double row of incandescent electric footlights and sidelights, with a great bank of flowers from the royal conservatories; in each corner were tall palms from Frogmore.

MINIATURE STAGE FOR MADAME ELEONORA DUSE'S PERFORMANCE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Lord Mayor, Lord Rookwood, Lord Radstock, and the Bishop of Bedford.

Lord Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie, which competed at New York last year with the Vigilant for the America Challenge Cup, arrived in the Clyde on May 31, after a long and boisterous voyage across the Atlantic, having left Sandy Hook on May 3, and encountered very rough weather.

In consequence of the large increase in the number of students at the Technical College, Finsbury, the Governors of the City and Guilds of London Institute propose taking in additional premises at a rental of between £500 and £600 a year, and in the alteration and adaptation of the premises to expend about £4000.

The change of Ministry in France has been quietly accomplished; and on June 2, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Casimir-Perier was elected to the Presidency of that body, in the room of M. Dupuy, who has succeeded him in the Premiership, by 229 votes against 187 recorded for M. Bourgeois, the candidate of the Radical sections. There were 140 abstentions. M. Burdeau was elected a Vice-President of the Chamber, in place of M. Félix Faure, now Minister of Marine. On Monday, June 4, the new Ministry obtained a vote of confidence by 315 to 169.

A petition has been addressed to the Chamber of Deputies, in which many bankers, engineers, and tradesmen of Paris urge that diplomatic negotiations should be entered into between the French and British Governments on the proposed methods of improved travelling and transport between the two countries. Six schemes have been put forward—namely, a tunnel under the Channel, a bridge over the Channel, a transmarine tunnel, a tubular railway, a mixed passage, and a steam-ferry carrying a train. The petition, and the committee to which it has been referred, abstain from indicating any preference for any one of these schemes.

There is a Ministerial resignation in Italy, caused by the unfavourable reception of the proposal made by the Finance Minister, Baron Sonnino, to appoint a Parliamentary committee for the reduction of the public

LONDON TO THE SOUTH COAST AND ISLE OF WIGHT SEASIDE RESORTS.

With June 1 commenced the tourist and excursion season of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, and in the programme just out are announced cheap week-end tickets to be issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to all places on the south coast from Hastings to Southsea inclusive, and to all places in the Isle of Wight, also to Dieppe, the Parisian's favourite seaside place on the Normandy coast.

Cheap day excursions will be run every Monday to Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, with a steam-boat trip round the island in connection. Every Wednesday to Brighton, including admission to the Grand Aquarium. Every Saturday to Brighton and Worthing. Every Sunday to Brighton, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, Worthing, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Every weekday to Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, and Tunbridge Wells.

Special Saturday to Tuesday cheap tickets are issued every Saturday to Southsea, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and to the latter eight and eleven day tickets are also issued, available to return on the following Saturday or Tuesday week.

Cheap first-class day tickets to Brighton and Worthing are also announced to be issued by certain of the Pullman-car trains every weekday and Sunday.

In connection with the Paris services, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, tickets are issued for tours in Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, Portugal, Spain, Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, and France, including the Anglo-Norman and Brittany tours.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Valentine Cameron Prinsep's promotion to the full membership of the Royal Academy has called forth fewer expressions of surprise or protest than one is accustomed to hear on such occasions. The truth is that through his long career as a student and artist "Val" Prinsep probably never made an enemy. He was born in India, where many members of his family had occupied important posts, and it was at first

intended that he should follow the family tradition. But Haileybury and the prospect of shaking the pagoda-tree had fewer attractions for him than the drudgery of the Academy schools. He set himself to work with a will, and in 1862 his first picture was hung at the Royal Academy, and from that time forward he seldom or never missed an exhibition. Oriental, classical, romantic, and even sporting subjects were treated by him with equal facility, and in 1876 his "Lichen-Gatherers," a pastoral treatment of the subject, raised him to the front rank of the younger men. It was just after this that he was sent to India to paint the picture of the great Durbar at Delhi at which the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. Before returning to England Mr. Prinsep went on a tour, of which he wrote a pleasant record, and at the same time painted the portraits of several native chiefs, who showed almost as much eagerness to sit for the artist as they subsequently displayed in subscribing to the Imperial Institute. Mr. Prinsep, after his return, married the daughter of Mr. F. W. Leyland, of Prince's Gate and "Peacock Room" notoriety, and from him inherited a large fortune.

A scholar of high attainments in the study of English and general history, and gifted with a talent of philosophical speculation which may

have been exercised with a too peremptory adherence to his cherished theoretical ideas, the late Dr. Charles Henry Pearson had made his mark in serious literature, notwithstanding thirty years' absence from England and occupation with Australian politics, which some of his friends in 1863 regretted as likely to divert a strong intellect from its most congenial work. Born in 1830, and educated at Rugby and Oxford, where he won first-class honours and was elected a Fellow of Oriel, he for a short time held the Professorship of Modern History at King's College, London, and wrote a book of some merit on the "Early and Middle Ages of England." The transition from these pursuits to colonial life, when he emigrated, must have been somewhat trying to a mind rather profound than versatile, and he did not greatly succeed as an agriculturist or as a member of the Victorian Legislature. But they made him Minister of Public Instruction, and he accompanied Mr. Graham Berry, fifteen years ago, in an official mission to England; finally, he became secretary to the Agent-General for Victoria in London. His recent essay on "National Life and Character" is a proof of his literary ability, but will scarcely be accepted as conclusive argument on a very complex theme.

Sir Seymour Haden writes: "As I never have observed in your excellent and attractive paper anything in the shape of an objection to any portion of its contents, you need have, and I am sure will have, no scruple whatever in admitting this one. Someone has obviously told you—some cremationist, perhaps—that I am 'a vigorous advocate' of that singularly senseless and dangerous innovation. The paper I send you, which is entitled 'Cremation, an Incentive to Crime,' will at once undeceive you on this point, and I have half a dozen more by me on its many glaring inconsistencies, which are equally at your disposal. I have, however, said enough for my present purpose, which is simply to ask you to be so kind as to insert this letter and so relieve me of even the slightest suspicion of having parted with the remnant of common-sense that remains to me."

"With deep regret we record the sudden death, at the age of thirty-six, on June 2, of Isa Dunlop Nicoll, the wife of the Rev. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *Expositor*, *British Weekly*, and *Bookman*. The large circle of literary friends, far extending beyond the limits of London, who have enjoyed the delightful hospitality dispensed at Hampstead by Dr. Nicoll and his gifted wife will recall the

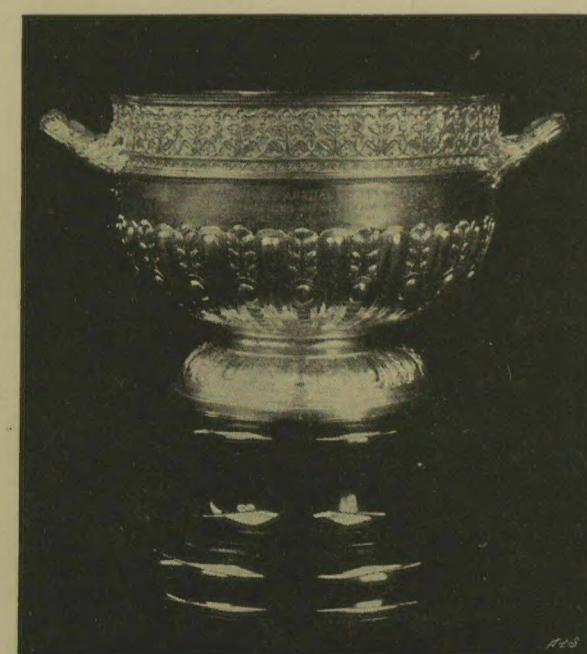
remarkable intellectual and social sympathies possessed by Mrs. Nicoll. In all her husband's multifarious work Mrs. Nicoll took the keenest interest, and to the many new writers who owe to Dr. Nicoll a heavy debt of gratitude she was particularly attracted. In this swift extinction of the light of his home, Dr. Nicoll will receive heartfelt condolence, which must also be extended towards the little family bereft of their mother.

Encouraged by Dr. Hornby, Lord Rosebery declared at Eton, on the Fourth of June, that he was not ashamed of owning a good horse. He also said that he never expected to hear the Provost of Eton congratulate "one of his past pupils on his prospects of winning the Derby." Dr. Hornby evidently stands by the old tradition which regards the Blue Riband of the Turf as a not unworthy ornament even for a Prime Minister. It would be difficult to cite a stronger illustration of the hold which the love of horses has upon the Englishman, for, of course, it is simply as a lover of horses that Dr. Hornby is an enthusiast for the Derby, and not on account of the meretricious attractions of the "odds." As an allusion to Ladas has been found in Juvenal, it is incumbent on every Etonian who cares for the classics to take an interest in Lord Rosebery's horse.

It is to be hoped that the War Department and the official National Defence Committee will not consign to a pigeon-hole of approved oblivion the promised aid of Volunteer Artillery, by locomotive armoured trains of guns on the railways that run along parts of our sea-coast, to repel an enemy landing. The recent demonstration at Newhaven of the practicability of this kind of service on the London, Brighton, and South

Coast line, is described and illustrated on another page of our Journal this week. Much credit is due to Colonel C. G. Boxall, the commanding officer of the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers, and to Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., the honorary Colonel, for liberally providing the means of this novel military experiment at their own cost. Colonel Boxall is second son of Mr. Percival Boxall, J.P., of Bellevue Hall, Brighton, and Ivories, Cowfold, in Sussex, and is grandson of the late William Boxall, who was High Constable of Brighton in 1838 and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Sussex. He passed the military schools at Woolwich in 1872, has been twenty-two years an efficient officer of the 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery, and was appointed to the command in November 1892. In Mr. R. J. Billinton, the Locomotive Superintendent of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, was the actual constructor of the armoured gun-truck. There are many other railway companies, the South-Eastern, the Great Eastern, the London and South-Western, and the Great Western, whose lines, in some places, closely approach the seashore, and who could in the same way assist local artillery corps to organise movable batteries on the rails.

There have been Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference who have gone to Court, but the Rev. Dr. Lunn is the first Wesleyan minister who has been "presented." His object in attending the Levée at St. James's Palace seems to have had a very practical character. Dr. Lunn is about to accompany Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard on their tour of the European Courts with the monster petition of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union against the traffic in opium and the State regulation of vice. The fact that Dr. Lunn has been "presented" will be a useful credential in this expedition.



A RACING TROPHY

This handsome silver bowl was presented to the Sports Club as a heavy-weight challenge cup for their recent race-meeting at Lingfield. It is of Italian Renaissance design, and was made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158, Oxford Street.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's clever version of an unsuccessful French farce, brought out ten years ago at the Criterion as "The Candidate," wears well with time. The revival is in every way a happy one. Mr. Charles Wyndham finds here a character after his own heart. It is what may be called a "Wyndham part"—gay, bright, animated, full of spirits and gaiety. There is not one dull moment in the play, and it seemed to me as I listened as if the dialogue had been smartened up to date, and had an extra bit of English polish put on it. All good comedians want a foil, a direct and deliberate contrast to their own idiosyncrasy and manner. Mr. Charles Wyndham gets his in Mr. George Giddens, who has returned to his old home and his own part, and is very welcome. Mr. Somerset and Mr. Blakeley are invaluable in Criterion comedies, and Miss Mary Moore is as pretty and engaging as ever. Statistics show us that laughter pays far better than tears in the modern playhouse. News of a funny play spreads like wildfire. I had a curious instance of this the other day. An old schoolfellow of mine, who is a clergyman of great influence and popularity in the north of England, had arranged a pilgrimage to London of some dozen or so of his parishioners who had never been very many miles away from their native village. They were as keen to see London as was the old French peasant desirous to see Carcassonne before he died, in Clifford Harrison's delightful poem. Part of the pleasure pilgrimage to London, of course, consisted in a visit to the play, for my clergyman friend is no bigot, and does not set his face against the theatre. Well, all these old folks in this remote Cumberland village were polled as to the play they would like to see when they got up to London. The verdict was unanimous—"Charley's Aunt"! This shows, then, how pleasurable as well as profitable are funny plays.

As I expected, Mr. Charles Wyndham sticks to his guns—though he is in a decided minority—on the question of the obligation of an author to quote the origin of his play, if it happens to have one. Mr. Wyndham, with a daring that is a little extraordinary, argues that if he pays a French author for a play on the strict condition that it is to be altered for the tastes of the English market, if it is so altered he has a right to extinguish the French author's name. I am sorry to disagree with Mr. Wyndham, but that is not at all my view. I grant that "The Candidate" is very much altered from "Le Député de Bombignac." I grant also that probably the French author would not know his own child in its new English dress. I am certain that the play was honourably purchased; but for all that I cannot see that the name of the originator should be suppressed—nay, more, that the whole and sole credit of the work should be given to the English author. Nor do I believe for one moment that Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy desired that the name of the French author should be so suppressed. No play was more deliberately altered for the English market—one act wholly omitted, two acts thrown into one, the whole motive changed into what was once called English Jingoism—than the "Dora" of M. Victorien Sardou. No one was more disgusted at the treatment that "Dora" had received than its author, who first congratulated the English adaptors and the management, then abused the English adaptors for touching his masterpiece, and finally committed himself to the extravagant and preposterous statement that his name had been utterly suppressed in connection with "Diplomacy." It was never so suppressed, on any playbill ever issued, and though proof of this was shown to M. Sardou by Mr. Bancroft, he never withdrew one word of what he had said! The only excuse he ever gave after making a deliberate charge of *mala fides* was that he thought he was talking of "Les Pattes de Mouche" ("A Scrap of Paper"). Two wrongs do not make a right. Because in the old days there was no Berne treaty, and plays, French, German, or Italian, were annexed without payment for the English market, it does not follow that because we now pay for our foreign goods we are not to confess where they come from. When our English fruit-growers send over their English baskets and crates to France, and bring over French fruit in our own pottles, the strawberries and the cherries do not become English by association. After all, what does it matter? Is it worth while to make a fuss about a line in the playbill? For strictly commercial reasons a manager may desire to curtail his advertisements in the papers and quote Sydney Grundy, or Lady Greville, or Justin Huntly McCarthy, or anyone else in preference to the French authors and originators. But on the programme it is, to my mind, not only an act of courtesy but of grace to give the Frenchman his due. And so say all of us! But Mr. Charles Wyndham puts his back against the wall and fights. He is a shrewd advertiser, and every time "The Candidate" is mentioned the better it is for the Criterion Theatre. The play was talked about enough at its birth, and it will go on being talked about during its lusty manhood.

The next few weeks will be very exciting in London. Sarah Bernhardt is to play for the first time in London not only the Buddhist drama, "Izeyl," but "La Femme de Claude," identified with Aimée Desclée, and the "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour" of Alfred de Musset, hitherto associated with Favart and Delaunay. Then the great Réjane is to come to the Gaiety with Sardou's "Sans-Gêne," and Mr. E. S. Willard is to show us the delightful "Professor's Love Story" of J. M. Barrie, who alas! is seriously ill.

There is an amusing controversy between Herr Döwe, the inventor of the bullet-proof cuirass, and Mr. Hiram Maxim. Mr. Maxim says the bullet-proof coat is simply a plate of steel, and he exhibited this to a number of people who seem to have considered themselves the victims of a practical joke. Herr Döwe denies that steel has anything to do with his invention; but Mr. Maxim insists that the German tailor's "coat" is a "juggling trick." As the cuirass is impervious to the most powerful rifle in the service, the charge of juggling seems rather obscure. Mr. Maxim says he was inspired by the genius of jocularity to offer "something that would do the same thing" for seven-and-sixpence; but the jest appears to have fallen rather flat.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

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"GOING."—LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.



"TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE."—MISS JANE M. DEALY, R.I.



"CHAFF."—CARLTON A. SMITH, R.I.



"THERE'S SADNESS IN THE FANCY'S DREAM."—LEONARD WYBURT.



By W. E. NORRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## PRIDE HAS A FALL.

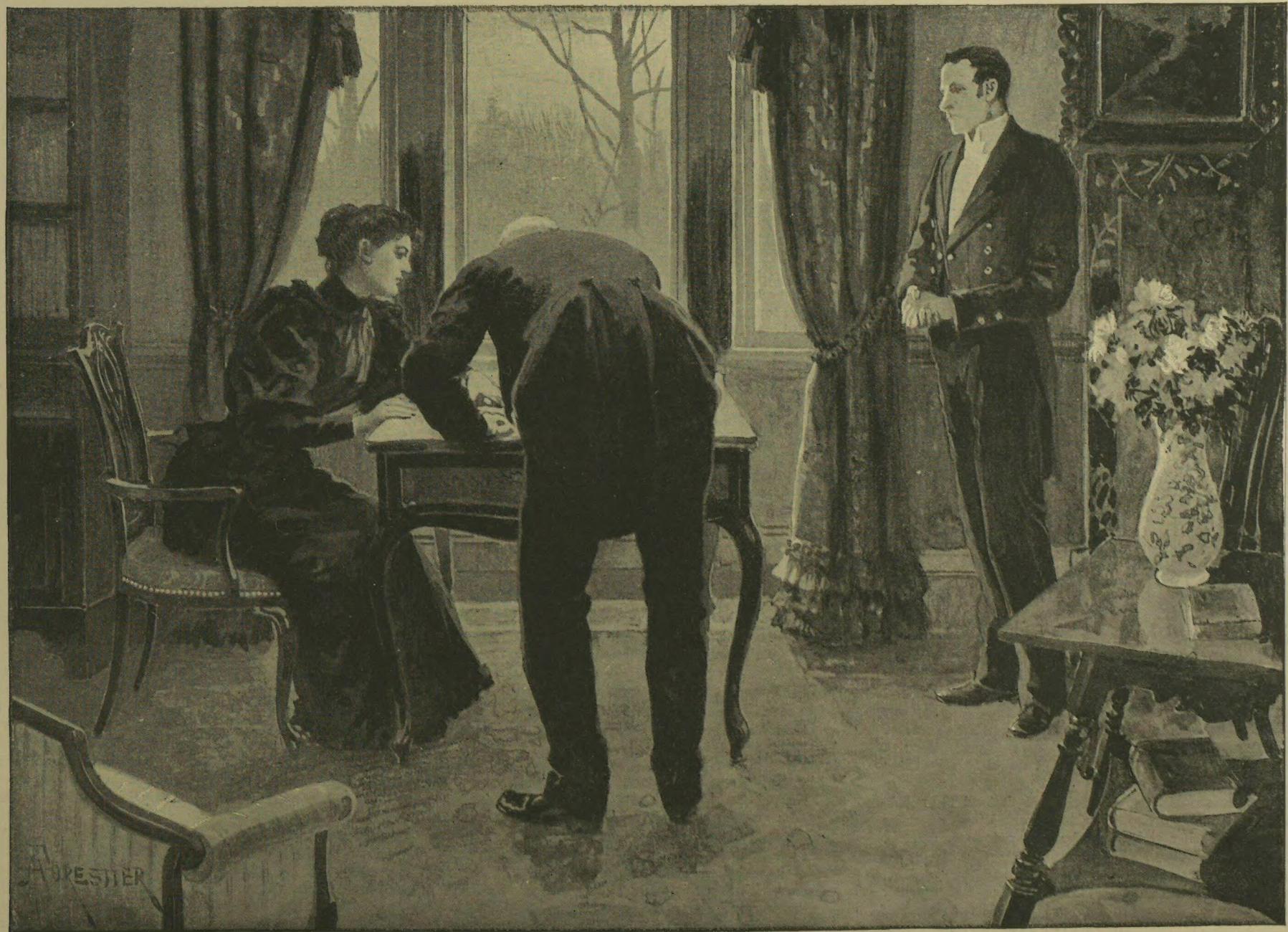
It was, of course, quite out of the question for Veronica to ride the dun horse on the following day, and Horace would have been obliged to explain to her why it was out of the question, had not all need for discussion been obviated by the lucky circumstance that she did not possess a riding-habit. This gave time to profit by the assistance of a competent and good-natured lady who was always ready to mount any animal that might be offered to her, and the result of a few

preliminary canters was so far satisfactory that Dolly pronounced the dun's back as safe a means of locomotion as an old woman's bath-chair, though, perhaps, scarcely as comfortable a one.

"He won't do anything," she assured Veronica. "As far as I can discover, he hasn't a trick of any sort or kind in him, and he takes quite kindly to a side-saddle. Only he is rather a free goer, and you will find him pull you a little. However, I daresay that by the time your habit comes, I shall have got him to understand one or two things which have hardly dawned upon him yet."

Veronica had to submit to some patronising counsels from that quarter, and to say "Thank you" for them. She was sensible enough to perceive that it could not be otherwise, although she would fain have dispensed with Dolly's help—perhaps even with Dolly's presence at Broxham altogether. But her guest said nothing about leaving, nor could the hint which Mrs. Mansfield was avowedly anxious to convey be considered for one moment permissible. Mrs. Mansfield was a good deal vexed about her niece's whim, and told her as much without circumlocution.

"It does seem so very gratuitous!" she exclaimed. "If



*She suddenly bethought herself of the advisability of making her will. . . . Then she got the butler and the footman to witness her signature.*

one can't ride one can't ride, and there's an end of it. What is the use of parading one's incapacity, in addition to risking one's neck? Nothing is more stupid than showing yourself to a man in a thoroughly unbecoming light, except showing him that you are jealous; and your idea of the way to increase Horace's admiration for you is to kill both those birds with one stone."

Veronica knew that it would be mere waste of breath to disclaim the motive ascribed to her: at the bottom of her heart, indeed, there lurked an uncomfortable suspicion that she could not have done so with absolute truth. However, she was now fully committed to a course which had been somewhat over-hastily decided upon, and she was not to be turned aside from it by a tardy realisation of the fact that everybody was pretty sure to misunderstand her and laugh at her.

Mr. Mostyn, at all events, was a more or less consolatory exception. He understood, or professed to understand, well enough what she was driving at, and he did not laugh at her, although his valedictory remarks were neither encouraging nor meant to be so.

"Do you know why the sublime is said to be next door neighbour to the ridiculous?" the poet asked her on the morning of his departure. "It is only because the consequences of sublime actions are so often and so patently inadequate. I told you, the other day, that you might very likely succeed in the attempt which you are bent upon; but what a price you are going to pay!—and what a poor little success it will be at best! At the risk of making you angry, I must confess to a hope that, after all, you will not succeed, and that these heroic efforts to stifle yourself may give you a choking sensation which you will find unendurable. I shall continue to cherish that hope until I hear that you are actually married. It will be time enough then to sing a requiem over my defunct poetess."

Now there is really nothing in the least incompatible between poetry and horse exercise; but the truth was that it did require a rather bold flight of imagination to picture Horace Trevor as the admiring husband of a poetess, and although Veronica had never dreamt of laying claim to the latter designation, there were occasional moments when she felt that the atmosphere of Broxham—supposing it to remain unchanged—might become somewhat difficult to breathe. But would it remain unchanged? That was the question to which she was less prepared to return a decisive answer than she would have been a short time before. For it was beginning to dawn upon her that docile though Horace was, he would performe continue to like people and pursuits separated from her by an impassable gulf. Meanwhile, she proposed to make a bold leap at the gulf, and every day her hopes of clearing it grew fainter. Had Aunt Julia, after all, been so very far wrong in cautioning her against unnecessary humiliation? The cobbler is in no way ridiculous so long as he sticks to his last, but as soon as he takes it into his head to play at being an athlete, hilarity on the part of bystanders becomes excusable, and it struck Veronica that in her case hilarity was taking time by the forelock. In that respect, however, she wronged her friends, who were only a little curious to see what would happen to her, and were not ill-naturedly amused at her courage and obstinacy. It was no fault of theirs that, knowing a good deal more about horses than she did, they foresaw what was probably in store for her.

"If I were you," said Dolly to Horace, in the course of one of those prolonged confidential colloquies which Veronica watched with mixed feelings, "I should take a leading-rein. She won't know that it isn't the usual thing unless you tell her, and I don't for one moment believe that she will be able to hold that horse."

"All very fine," grumbled Horace; "but you know what the bay is. He would begin to play the ass at once when he saw what was up, and that would start the other. I wish to goodness Veronica would consent to wait until I get a proper mount for her!"

Horace and Dolly were once more upon terms of comfortable amity. He had made no further effort to persuade her that he was really in love with his future bride and had never been in love with anybody else, nor had she distressed him by referring again to an episode which he was anxious to bury in oblivion. As she herself had said, she was *bonne diablesse*, while he, on his side, was ever ready to ignore the disquieting elements in a given situation.

The rapidity with which orders can be executed when money is no object is quite extraordinary, and Veronica's habit arrived before the education of the dun horse had been well taken in hand. She was so set upon carrying out her purpose forthwith that Horace's pleas for a little longer delay were not even listened to; only an hour or two before embarking upon an adventure of which it was impossible to predict the consequences, she suddenly bethought herself of the advisability of making her will. This, with the aid of the instructions contained in "Whitaker's Almanack," she accomplished to her own satisfaction, leaving the whole of her landed property and the half of her personality to Horace, while the remaining moiety, subject to sundry trifling legacies, was to be divided between the Rev. John Dimsdale and his son Joseph. Then she got the butler and the footman to witness her signature, arrayed herself in a garb to which she was not accustomed and which felt rather queer, and descended the staircase, calmly prepared to encounter Fate.

It was not altogether pleasant to find that all the people who were staying in the house had congregated together under the porch to see her start; but she betrayed no annoyance, and only offered up a brief inward prayer that she might be placed in the saddle without an unseemly scramble. Horace, as it happened, was at the same moment silently breathing the selfsame aspiration, and perhaps the fervour of his desire lent additional strength to his muscles; for he successfully achieved a feat towards the performance of which he received no help from his unskilled burden. The horse stood like a rock, manifesting no impatience while Veronica

was being shown how to hold her reins; and presently the pair got away, walking quietly down the drive, to the satisfaction, it may be hoped, of onlookers, who had possibly expected to witness something a little more exciting.

"That's all right," said Horace, with a sigh of relief. "Now we won't go off the road until we are well out of sight."

"Are we going off the road?" asked Veronica, thinking to herself what a very large and powerful animal a horse was and how exceedingly difficult it must be to manage him.

"Not unless you like; only, perhaps, it would be as well just to take the bounce out of them. You see, these horses aren't much accustomed to hacking, and they'll go quieter after they have had a bit of a gallop. I thought we might take them across the common: you can't very well come to grief there. You don't feel nervous, do you?"

"I don't think so," answered Veronica truthfully. "I feel rather funny, but I am not frightened that I know of. Shall I be run away with?"

"Yes, very likely; but don't lose your head and don't pull him. He's a knowing old bird, and he'll take very good care not to hurt himself."

Veronica trusted that he would take equally good care not to hurt her; but this, she presumed, must depend upon whether she could maintain her position on his back, which at present seemed a somewhat dubious proviso. Meanwhile, he walked soberly along, taking no notice of the capering bay, while Horace, scrutinising her anxiously, explained that she was holding her hands all wrong and sitting in the wrong place. After a time she wearied of these minute instructions, of being told what she ought to do in every conceivable emergency, and of the many bad accidents which had occurred in the presence of her instructor as a consequence of careless riding.

"If you go on much longer in this way," she said, laughing, "you will make me believe that nobody except a thoroughly experienced rider should ever mount a horse. Yet I suppose there must have been a beginning even to your knowledge and Dolly Cradock's."

"Oh, well, I began on a pony when I was a youngster," answered Horace, "and so, I should think, did she. Besides, she is as hard as nails; it doesn't hurt her to tumble about." He added, after a pause: "The great thing is to have confidence."

"And I can't be accused of lacking that," observed Veronica, "or I shouldn't be here. Are you wishing that I were anywhere else?"

As a matter of fact he was, but he feared to offend her by confessing it. He answered very diplomatically: "You know well enough, Veronica, that I always wish to have you with me."

"Even when you are pursuing the fox? I hope you understand that that is what I am trying to qualify myself for."

Horace did not look precisely enchanted. "If you can learn to ride you can soon learn to hunt," he answered hesitatingly. "But why should you? You don't like it, and what is the use of doing things that one doesn't like?"

Alas! there is very little use in attempting to do them; and if everybody realised that simple elementary fact this world would not be nearly as full of failures and disappointments as it is. But Veronica was not in the mood for philosophic reflection. She said rather doggedly: "I have quite made up my mind that your wife must be a hunting woman."

"Yes, I thought that was what you were driving at," observed Horace, in a vexed tone, "and it's the greatest mistake that ever was! I don't say that I shouldn't be glad if you were fond of sport; but when I know that you aren't, and never will be—"

A discussion which was opening somewhat ominously was here cut short by the abrupt and involuntary withdrawal of one of the parties to it. Horace had unthinkingly turned off the road on to the edge of the long and wide common whither they were bound, and the moment that the dun horse felt turf under his feet away he went, with a keen enjoyment of the rushing, moist wind, with a strong desire to stretch his legs and without the slightest consideration for the wishes of his temporary mistress, whom he had long ere this discovered to be a factor of no importance in the afternoon's amusement. The little bay flung up his heels and squealed, but was not permitted to follow in the wake of his stable companion. Horace, knowing that he could do no good and that the horse was not likely to do any harm, was satisfied to keep the fugitives well in sight and was properly ashamed of himself for being shaken with irrepressible laughter at the way in which the one was playing cup-and-ball with the other. As he had anticipated, the old horse ran in a wide circle, slackening his pace as soon as he had had enough of it; Veronica lost her breath but not her seat, and by the time that Horace was able to rejoin her, no trace of a smile was discernible upon his concerned countenance.

"Why didn't you stop him?" she gasped rather reproachfully.

"Well, it wouldn't have been quite the easiest thing in the world to do. Besides, it wasn't necessary; you rode with great judgment."

"Please don't insult me," said Veronica.

"But you did really! If you had tugged at his mouth, he might have given you some trouble; but you had the good sense to leave him alone, and he'll be all right now, unless—that is, I'm sure he will be all right now. I am afraid that he must have shaken you a great deal, though."

"He has shaken me until I feel like a whipped-up egg," answered Veronica, laughing rather disconsolately; "still, here I am, which is a very wonderful thing to me. Do they always throw people about like that when they gallop?"

Horace was going to say, "That depends upon the people," but thought it better to substitute, "That depends upon the horse. I knew you would find his paces rather rough at first; but one soon gets accustomed to that."

Veronica could not imagine it possible that she would ever become accustomed to so violent a mode of progression; yet, as a matter of fact, she did feel a good deal more at home after the second, and much quieter, gallop upon which Horace insisted; for the dun horse was really a good-natured beast, besides being at heart a somewhat lazy one. Therefore, since he was in company, and since he had asserted his supremacy, he was graciously pleased to accommodate his pace to that of the bay. Then came a brief trot along a stretch of sandy road, which was so dreadfully uncomfortable that Horace's pupil begged to be allowed to postpone that branch of her instruction to the next lesson, and they dropped back into an easy walk. However, she was not ill pleased with her performance, so far—considerably better pleased, if the truth must be told, than he was. Never in his life had he met with anyone so absolutely ignorant of the art of equitation, and she quite took his breath away when, after they had turned their horses' heads homewards, she coolly remarked—

"Oh, by-the-way, there is one thing more that I want to do—I want to jump a fence of some sort."

At first he would not hear of her attempting what there was so very little reason to suppose that she could accomplish; but when she grew peremptory he yielded, fearing to affront her, and saying to himself that, after all, it is a simple enough thing to sit upon a horse's back. So he selected a low bank, with a narrow ditch on the hither side of it, and, having told her exactly what to do, put the bay at what, in his estimation, was an extremely modest obstacle.

It certainly appeared to be so; and Veronica, watching him as he popped over it, thought that the process looked perfectly easy and rather nice—only she had not quite taken in his meaning when he had warned her that the dun horse jumped big. That wise and well-meaning animal, realising what was required of him, cocked his ears and followed his leader at his own pace, which was a rather quick one. Then, all of a sudden, and long before he had been expected to do so, he hurled himself up into the air. Veronica was conscious of a most extraordinary and sickening sensation—of a tremendous jolt. And after that, the next thing she knew was that somebody had had a fall. She was not quite sure that it was herself until earth and sky had ceased whirling madly around her; but when she did recover her senses she became aware of a fact even more disconcerting than that she had been pitched over her horse's head—namely, that she was in the presence of a group, composed of Dolly Cradock, Horace, and two other young men, all of whom were gazing at her with countenances of almost unnatural gravity.

"Please laugh, if you want to laugh," were the first words that she uttered. "I should roar with laughter myself if this had happened to one of you." And she could not help adding inwardly, "Oh, how I wish it had!"

But the good manners of the company proved equal to the demand made upon them, and nobody so much as indulged in a smile. One of the young men hastened to assure her that their having witnessed her discomfiture was a pure accident—they had gone out for a walk, because there was nothing else to do, and had had no idea of meeting her and Trevor. Horace was full of solicitude and unwilling to believe that she had not hurt herself at all; while Dolly rated him roundly for his stupidity.

"It was all your fault," she declared. "What did you want to go larking over hedges and ditches for? If Veronica had broken her neck you would have deserved to be put on your trial for murder. One would think you were a tailor out for a bank holiday!"

That was all very well, and Horace's omission to plead the justification for his conduct which he might have pleaded was a thing to be as grateful for as one could manage to be; but the humiliation was none the less complete. Veronica was, indeed, able to insist upon being placed in the saddle again, but she had to submit to be led home, the truth being that she had had more of a shake than she cared to admit. Dolly and her friends very considerably continued their walk, and little conversation took place between the affianced pair until the house was reached—for Horace's anxious inquiries and reiterated apologies were scarcely answered. But when Veronica was lifted to the ground, she said rather forlornly—

"I am afraid it won't do, Horace; I am afraid it will never do."

"Well," said he diffidently, yet with an air of subdued relief which did not escape her, "I am almost afraid it won't, dear. Of course, you might try again with another class of horse, but—"

"Oh! I shall not try again," she answered, as she turned and left him.

## CHAPTER XX.

### VERONICA CHANGES HER MIND.

It is one of the interesting peculiarities of our mortal nature that we are all of us apt to be dreadfully ashamed of things which reflect no real discredit upon us, while we can sit down comfortably enough under accusations which ought to make us very angry indeed. Veronica Dimsdale, who had no sins worth speaking of to reproach herself with, would have accepted with philosophy and indifference any charges which it might have pleased Aunt Julia's and Horace's friends to bring against her moral character; but she found it a hard matter to forgive them for having seen her absurdly thrown from the back of a horse who had only done what she had asked him to do.

Yet they were very kind and lenient with her. They scarcely alluded to her mishap that evening, nor were they unfeeling enough to make any inquiries after her aching head and limbs. Mrs. Mansfield, to be sure, remarked: "Well, my dear, all I can say is I hope this will be a lesson to you!" but everybody else seemed to understand how crestfallen she must be, and that it was a case of least said soonest mended. Perhaps this very forbearance on their part vexed her almost more than open, good-humoured ridicule would have done—so

impossible is it to give satisfaction even to the best of women when she has quarrelled with herself!

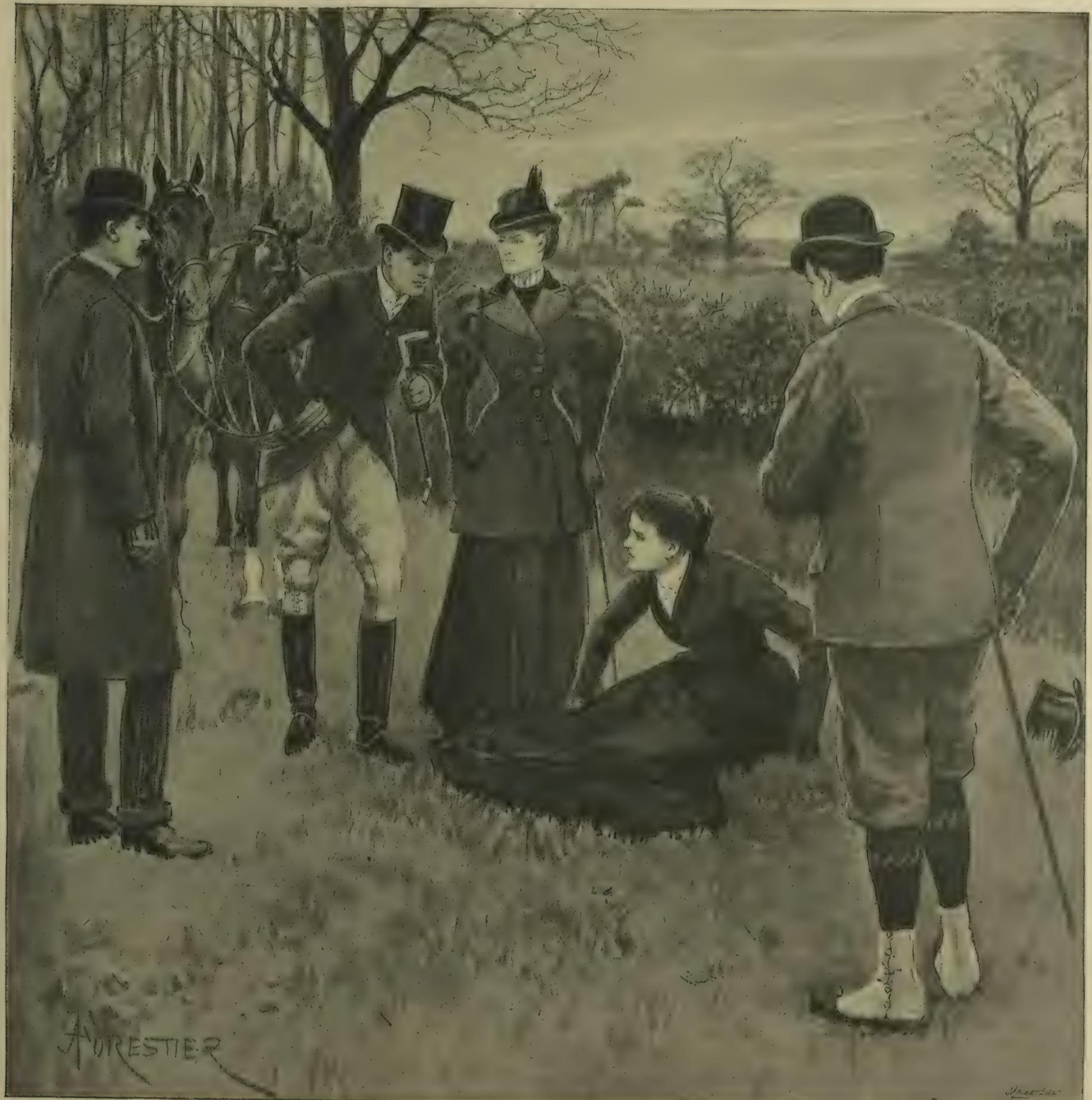
But was there any occasion or excuse for quarrelling with Horace? Not, of course, for quarrelling with him, Veronica thought; but for breaking with him there might be, and she was more than half inclined to believe that there were, sufficient reasons. The words of wisdom spoken by the experienced Mostyn had germinated in her mind and were beginning to bear fruit; the equally wise observations of Dolly Cradock, which she had involuntarily overheard, could not but have some weight with her; she perceived, not only that she would never be able to participate in Horace's pursuits, but that he did not at all wish her to do so, and she asked herself whether it was too late even now to abandon an impracticable scheme.

but she felt a good deal less sure than she had done that he was not deceiving himself. What was so obvious as to be beyond dispute was that he was awkward and silent with her, whereas he was merry and talkative with Dolly, of whose society he never appeared to weary. Moreover, setting him and his wishes aside, did it not behove her to consider herself a little? "If I could have hunted with him and managed to like the people whom he likes, I might have played my part fairly well," she thought, but I doubt whether I have it in me to 'stifle myself,' as Mr. Mostyn says: I am too angular to fit into this sort of life, and perhaps it is almost as silly of me to attempt it as to try riding a horse over a bank."

Well, at any rate, Dolly was not destined to outshine her in the latter respect just then, for now a hard frost set in, with low, black clouds sailing up from the north-east, which

successful in raising their spirits. Veronica paused in her reading every now and then to listen to them, and thought to herself, "How infinitely better it would have been if that horse had broken my neck for me! Then, about a year hence, Dolly would be here as mistress of the establishment, and all manner of troublesome complications would be averted."

Not having had her neck broken, it only remained for her to make the best of troublesome complications, and the more she thought about it all the less sanguine did she feel of receiving any help from those for whose sake she had almost decided to cancel existing arrangements. As for Aunt Julia and others less directly interested, they would of course make her life a burden to her, but she would have to bear that. They certainly would not be sorry for her, so she felt at liberty



"Please laugh, if you want to laugh," were the first words that she uttered.

One thing which made her feel that it was impracticable, and that he might very possibly agree with her in deeming it so, was his uneasy, half-apologetic demeanour in her presence and the evident alacrity with which he quitted her side to join Dolly Cradock and the other young people. This, had she but known it, was neither more nor less than the reflection of her own manner, which was constrained, and of which he did not know what to make. He was aware that he had, somehow or other, offended her, but, having a clear conscience in the matter, and fearing lest he should put his foot into it more deeply by questioning her, he fell back upon the system—not a bad system in itself—which he had always adopted in his dealings with an incomprehensible sex and left her to come round at her leisure.

Thus for three days a breach which could hardly be called a breach at the outset went on widening at a pace much more perceptible to one of those between whom it yawned than to the other. Veronica still felt sure of Horace's good faith,

presently broke over Broxham in those small feathery flakes hated by all men in this temperate clime. Russian and Canadian winters have their good points and bring their amusements with them; but snow in England is an accursed thing, coming upon us unawares, depriving us of all forms of outdoor exercise and too often rendering us snappish with our fellow-sufferers. Veronica was not exactly snappish; but she retired to the library and read all day long by herself, while disconsolate sportsmen sat in the smoking-room and used language unfit for the ears of refined persons.

However, there was one person in the house who was not so refined but that she could endure to listen to a few profane words, uttered under so great provocation. What she could by no means endure was to be deprived of male companionship; so she assembled them all in the billiard-room, where they played pool during an entire afternoon, and where, to judge by the shouts of laughter which were audible from time to time even in the remote quietude of the library, she was

to bestow a good deal of pity upon herself, while she sat gazing at the blurred, dreary landscape, and listening to those irritating periodical outbursts of hilarity which reached her from the distant billiard-room.

In the meantime, she had not been so completely forgotten as it suited her mood to assume. Horace, who had been enjoying himself pretty well, but who could not help thinking that she must find it a little bit slow to be left all alone for so many hours together, would have been only too delighted if she had seen fit to join the pool-players; but as she did not do so, and as he supposed that that sort of thing was not very likely to amuse her, he took advantage at length of having been knocked out of the game to slip quietly away and see whether he could be of any use.

"Shall I disturb you if I come in?" he asked humbly, after opening the library door and inserting his head through the aperture.

"Not in the least," answered Veronica. "On the contrary,

you are the very person whom I was wishing to see; and it is getting too dark to read."

"Well, I'm glad you were wishing to see me," said Horace cheerfully as he advanced and drew up a chair beside hers. "I wasn't sure that you would be, though I needn't tell you that I have been wishing to see you all the afternoon."

"Really? I should have thought, by the noise you have been making, that you were tolerably satisfied with what you had got?"

"Have they been kicking up an awful shindy?" asked Horace. "It wasn't me—it was the other fellows and Dolly Cradock. You can't keep them from bear-fighting when a lot of them get together like that. And I must say that Dolly is rare sport," he added, with a retrospective snigger.

"I have no doubt of it," answered Veronica drily; "she is as much in her element here as I am out of mine. Nobody, I am sure, will ever accuse me of being rare sport."

"Oh, of course you're different," assented Horace.

"Altogether different, and, unfortunately, I always shall be. I have realised that now, and I ought to have realised it sooner."

"But, good gracious! you don't want to be like her, do you?" asked Horace.

"No, I can't honestly say that I do; but I wish, for your sake, that I were more like her in some respects. However, since that is impossible, we won't talk about it. Horace, I am

granted that I have changed my mind. Only you must not think that I care less for you than I did when I thought that I could be your wife."

"You told me at the time that you did not love me," remarked Horace disconsolately.

"Exactly so, and that is just why I cannot marry you. I still think that it need not have been an insuperable objection, if we had had anything at all in common, just as our having nothing in common would not have mattered, if we had been really in love with one another; but as things are—"

"At least you can't doubt that I really love you, Veronica!" broke in Horace. "I always hoped that you would come to love me, too, in time. It didn't seem so utterly impossible."

"I am sure you mean what you say," answered Veronica; "but people don't always know their own minds—am I not a proof of it? We won't talk of what might have been, though; the future, not the past, is what we have to consider, and you can still make my future comparatively smooth for me, if you choose."

"Of course I should choose to do that, if I could," answered Horace rather coldly; "but as my future is to have nothing to do with yours, I don't quite see how I can."

"Well, I will tell you. Before I went out riding with you the other day, it suddenly occurred to me that I was running some risk of coming to an untimely end, and that it would be

getting rid of it, I dare say you may find some accommodating person without advertising for him, only I can assure you that he won't be found in my skin. Now I must say goodbye; I shall pack up and be off this evening. The sooner I am out of this the more comfortable it will be for everybody."

She could not let him go like that; yet a quarter of an hour of earnest entreaty and lucid setting forth of all the circumstances proved of no avail to shake his determination. When at length he was asked to say whether it was not the truth—"the honest truth, which you may confess without offending me in the least"—that he now cared more for Dolly Cradock than he had done when he hastily engaged himself to a girl so much less in sympathy with him, he declined to answer the question.

"You can think just exactly what you please about that, Veronica," said he; "if it makes you any happier to imagine that I can be passed on to somebody else now that you don't want me, by all means imagine it. The only thing that had to be made clear was that you don't want me, and that has been made as clear as daylight by this time."

"You will live to marry her, and you will live to thank me for having left you free to do so," Veronica declared decisively. "What I have to do now is to see the lawyers and find some means of transferring this place to you with your will or against it. To that you had better make up your mind."

Horace, with a slight, disdainful gesture, remarked that it



CARDING AND WINDING HEMP AT PLOERMEL, BRITTANY.

going to say something which I am afraid will distress you at first; but try to hear me out patiently, and try to believe that it is distressing to me, too, to be obliged to say it. I have been thinking things over during the last few days, and I have come to the conclusion that I did very wrong to accept you. It isn't your fault, and perhaps it isn't so very much mine, that we are hopelessly ill-suited to one another; still, there is the fact, which is obvious to everybody, and we had much better recognise it at once than wait until there is no remedy. Now, what I want you to understand is this—"

"I understand," interrupted Horace, "that you want to throw me over. That is enough, and more than enough! What have I done, Veronica?"

"Nothing that I have the slightest right to complain of or that you have any cause to reproach yourself with. It is I who have done things—or rather left them undone. I should always leave them undone if I were to marry you, and you would always have to keep on making allowances for me—which would be frankly intolerable! I know this ought to have been said before, and I know I am treating you badly, in a certain sense. All I can say is that I should be treating you much worse if I allowed our engagement to go on. Don't try to persuade me that it is not so; if you do, you will only force me to say that I must break the engagement off on my own account."

"If that is the truth I think it ought to be said," returned Horace, looking very grave and unhappy. "You can't expect me to thank you for jilting me or to agree with you that you are doing it for my good."

"I suppose not. Very well, then; let it be taken for

a most unfortunate thing if I were to die intestate. So I made my will, and, naturally, I left this place to you."

"Under the circumstances, that was a natural thing to do, no doubt," answered Horace, since she seemed to expect that he should say something.

"It would have been natural under any circumstances. You know what my feeling is about Broxham. It ought not to belong to me; I have never regarded it as really belonging to me, and even if I had, I should take the first opportunity of getting rid of it; for I don't like the place, and don't mean to live here. Now do you understand how you may make my path easy for me and help me to face the fury of Aunt Julia?"

"Can't say I do."

"Oh, I think you do, Horace! You would rather not accept a gift from me? Well, I wouldn't ask you to accept it, if it were really a gift; but it is nothing of the sort, it is merely an act of restitution. Don't let us argue about it—we both of us know so well all that there is to be urged for and against the arrangement?—let us simply agree that the thing is to be done and never say another word about the matter. Then perhaps we may be friends again—which is what I most long for."

"I am afraid you will have to long in vain, Veronica," returned Horace rather grimly. "I can't prevent you from throwing me over, and, after what you have said, I mustn't try, but I am not going to pretend that I feel particularly friendly towards you. As for taking your property off your hands, you need not have the slightest fear of my arguing such a preposterous question as that. If you are bent upon

was getting late and that he would just have time to catch his train. "I shall leave a message for Aunt Julia to say that I have been telegraphed for," he added, as he moved towards the door; "I don't want you to be exposed to any annoyance that can be avoided, and white lies are permissible on these occasions. The next time you see your friend Mr. Mostyn, please tell him, with my compliments, that I fully understand how much you and I have to thank him for. And, perhaps, if nobody else will relieve you of Broxham, you might offer the place to him. He is such a true friend that I shouldn't wonder if you were to find him willing to oblige you."

These last words, which were spoken with considerable bitterness, caused Veronica, after she was left to her own reflections, to regret that she had introduced Mr. Mostyn's opinion into a fruitless discussion; but that, after all, was a mere drop in the ocean of her regrets, and she did not dwell upon it. Horace, to be sure, had not behaved quite as generously as he might have done; yet she was fain to allow that he had not behaved unlike a gentleman. He had accepted his dismissal; he had not been unduly reproachful; he had been entirely within his right in refusing either to admit or deny his affection for Dolly Cradock, and he had also, alas! been within his right in scouting the material amends so clumsily proffered to him.

"I had to do what I have done," said Veronica to herself, mournfully; "but I have done it in the worst possible way, and what is to be the end of it all I can't see yet. Mr. Walton must manage it for me somehow, and in the meantime I must submit uncomplainingly to the dreadful things which Aunt Julia is sure to do and say?"

(To be continued.)

## TRANSLATIONS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

There is somewhat pathetic in a recent affliction of Mr. Gladstone's. Laudably seeking an innocent distraction, he translated some Odes by Horace. It is a thing that all of us have done without serious consequences, but no sooner did Mr. Gladstone publish his versions (which would have been better if the author had taken more pains) than the Bore was down on him. The statesman had to announce that he could not correspond with the whole human race about translating Horace. Hence we learn that among the blessings of leisure there is a bane; that gentlemen who live at home at ease are almost all translators of the Venusian. Now is the moment to bid these sweet enthusiasts pause and reflect. What is Horace? He is a man of the world, a wit with a tender heart, not a very common kind of person. Again, though he writes *vers de société*, he is a serious poet, with a sense, almost Virgilian, of the *lacrymae rerum* and of nature's magic. Once more, he is a poet who handles an art especially delicate and accomplished, fastidious and dainty. Latin to him is like clay in a sculptor's hands, ready to be fashioned into every shape; or, again, it is like a violin, which can only yield its wealth of sound to the bow of the master. In Fénelon's "Dialogues of the Dead" Virgil gently hints to Horace that his Muse is almost too accomplished; that his "turns" and fantasias, as it were, are too numerous and artful. He has the command of Greek measures, and he likes to display his cunning, to exhibit his technique, even in *tours de force*.

Now, let country gentlemen and undergraduates ask themselves how many of these Horatian qualities each of them possesses. Are they poets and wits? Is language like clay in their hands? Can they bend it to all the innumerable artifices of Horace? Manifestly a modern so gifted is a very rare bard indeed; but without these gifts no man can, or no man should, set himself seriously to Horatian enterprise. This is the fact which translators overlook. They admire the original, they know Latin, and they can rhyme, so to work they go—we see with what results. For the varied and complicated measures of Horace we are given the too-facile rhymed octosyllabics. Translation follows translation, the final, definite, classical version has never been made, nor, perhaps, can it be made. One translator has one happy moment, another has another; so, conceivably, an eclectic edition, chosen out from all, might be but moderately inadequate. Here, for instance, is the fruit of a happy moment of Sir Stephen de Vere's (ii. ode 3)—

Where the huge pine, and poplar silver-lined  
With branches interlaced have made  
A hospitable shade,  
And where by curving bank and hollow bay,  
The tremulous waters work their silent way.

Here we have poetry, a charming picture, and a classical association; the poplar, like the Miltonic cloud, has its "silver lining." Yet Milton's own version of the "Ode to Pyrrha" cannot be taken as final: a poet, indeed, is rendering a poet, which is very rare, but Milton is not the right poet. Impressed, probably, by a sense of the impossibility of versifying Horace, M. Leconte de Lisle has done him into French prose, with the Latin on the same page. Though English critics often deny poetical qualities to the French language, in no tongue are prose translations from ancient poetry so magically made, as in Sainte-Beuve's too rare examples from Theocritus and the Anthology. Indeed, for centuries the French have done Greek and Latin verse, from Homer downwards, into their

own prose, with excellent results. But our English prose Horaces are of no very exquisito quality: the poetry evaporates and the translation becomes a crib. Indeed, a constant watchfulness, unwearied industry, prolonged balancing of words and syllables, are needed by the prosaic translator. He often stumbles into blank verse, which is fatal; to vary his cadences and catch the right cadence is "great penance," as Chaucer says of translating from the French. The labour is much more arduous than that of the versifier, with his easy rhyme, and his trick of disregarding *nuances*. If English is ever to have a good verse translation of Horace, we might look for it at the hands of Mr. Austin Dobson. A poet, a wit, and a master of harmonies, a delicately fastidious workman, in complete sympathy with his original, skilled, too, in every metrical artifice, a foe of the loose, ill-fitting buskin, inspired by a

would have writ in English measures. The translator must find something more or less correspondent among English measures, or, if he has Mr. Swinburne's ingenuity, he must even invent a good new measure. The crowd of gentlemen who write with ease are not likely to be successful here. It is a question whether, as Horace adopted exotic measures from Greece, an Englishman may not borrow measures from the old French lyre. Mr. Dobson has done so several times, as in his "Leuconoe"; on the whole, with happy effect, and the late Mr. Sellar considered that Mr. Dobson's plan was the right plan. But all these French measures rely too much for their effect on the *refrain*, which, though foreshadowed in Theocritus, in Catullus, and in some ancient popular poetry, is alien to Horace. This is perhaps fatal to such measures in Horatian renderings, except in a few delicate experiments.

I cannot quite agree with Sir Stephen de Vere that "strict translation best satisfies the critic; loose translation best pleases the multitude." The multitude (not a large crowd) which does read translations does not know whether the translation is loose or close. It only knows whether the piece is good as an English poem. The problem is to produce what is good as an English poem and yet is exact enough to satisfy the scholar. Nothing less is worth attempting. But probably Sir Stephen de Vere does not really contemplate anything less in a translation; adaptations, so popular in the last century, are different things. We ought all, I think, to be among "the dull few," as Mickle calls them, "whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says." To make us see exactly what he says, and that in English as good and idiomatic as his Latin or Greek, is precisely the task of the translator. Let us compare Sir Stephen's version of Walter Map with another—perhaps Leigh Hunt's; I forgot.

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,  
Vinum sit appositum morientisori,  
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori

Deus sit propitius huic potatori.  
Sir Stephen thinks that he has attained—"almost completo verbal fidelity"—

In an honest tavern let me die,  
Before my lips a brimmer lie;  
And angel choirs come down and cry—  
"Peace to thy soul, my jolly boy!"

Now, here the double rhymes are shirked. The original tavern is not "honest." Wine, not a "brimmer," is in demand. The sense of *ut dicant* (misprinted *at!*) is omitted; so is *Deus*. Now—

I propose to end my days in a tavern drinking:  
May some Christian hold to me the glass when I am shrinking,  
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,  
"God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking."

This has far more of the sound, far more of the spirit, and is not much less literal, while it keeps the metre. Let us try again—

Tales versus scribo quale vinum bibo,  
Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo;  
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunus scribo,  
Nasonem post calices facile preabo.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

My poems smack of my potion,  
Strong verse with sound intoxication;  
Starving I lose my inspiration,  
But in my cups I bang the nation.

A. L.

Good my wine, my verse is good; bad, it's a disaster;  
Sober if I scrawl at all, I'm a poetaster;  
Worthless is the stuff I scribble when I am a faster;  
Ovid, when I'm in my cups, I can overmaster.

At all events, I have stuck to Map his metre.



COMPANIONS.

After the Picture by A. Aublet, in the Paris Exhibition, Champ de Mars.

Muse perfectly *chaussée*, Mr. Dobson should be endowed by a wise country to make the great experiment. Bolingbroke would have given him a sinecure for the purpose; but Mat Prior was a busy diplomatist, and "Queen Anne is dead." "It needs heaven-sent moments for this skill," inspired Horatian hours in gardens and beside rivers (N.B., the translator must *not* keep one eye on the water for a rise), and unless we get the right man (him we have), and then make him perfectly comfortable, we cannot expect the translation. Most of the heroes who attempt the adventure have the leisure—and nothing else.

In Sir Stephen de Vere's essay, prefixed to his "Translations" (Walter Scott, 1888) are many just remarks on translation. He quotes Boileau's dictum, that a writer "will endeavour to write as the ancient author would have written, had he writ in the same language. Well, Horace would *not* have written in English alcaics and sapphics and so forth, so that gets rid of all these foredoomed endeavours. If Horace had writ in English, he

## LITERATURE.

## MR. CONWAY IN THE HIMALAYAS.

BY A. J. BUTLER.

*Climbing in the Himalayas.* By W. M. Conway. Illustrated by A. D. McCormick. (Fisher Unwin.)—Take an atlas, the latest published, and look to the northernmost angle of the great irregular rhombus which we call the Indian Empire. The angle is occupied by the State of Kashmir; but at the extreme north-west you will probably find a space devoid of boundary lines, where political frontiers are in a state resembling that condition of matter which is neither liquid nor gaseous. Here you are in the British Empire; a hundred miles away you are not; but it would not be easy to fix the exact point at which you left the region where the Queen's writ (or that of the ruler of Kashmir) will run, and entered that where it will be every gentleman's pleasure and duty to cut your purse, if not your throat. So quickly do events move in this district that in one of the most recent and carefully compiled of popular atlases, which is lying before us as we write, the village of Nagyr, well known to Mr. Conway's readers, is marked thirty miles outside of British territory on one map, and as far inside it on that following. Probably the Hunza-Nagyr campaign intervened between the execution of the two sheets.

For the casual traveller this matter of boundaries is not unimportant. It was probably as well for Mr. Conway that he was on the right side when, as he rode solitary up the Indus valley on his way to Gilgit.

"Two weird figures turned a corner and stood before me. One carried on his shoulder an Afghan sword and an umbrella; the other had a double-barrelled gun. . . . Their clothes were dust-colour, and they wore purple turbans. They halted and surveyed me. I regarded them as in a dream, for the bit of colour they lent to the landscape brought the whole into a new key. There was a fine unfriendliness in their look."

One of the pleasantest features of the book is incidentally exemplified in this passage. Mr. Conway is, indeed, very moderate in his descriptive writing, as, with Mr. McCormick to illustrate him, he could well afford to be, and by no means inclined towards the tone, so often taken by people who have been into remote places, of implying that no one who has not been there knows what scenery is. In fact, he is rather inclined to run a tilt against fashionable assertions and beliefs. Towards the famous scenery of Kashmir his sentiments are somewhat those of the critic (we forget at the moment whether it was Dr. Johnson or Mr. Leslie Stephen) who considered that the finest view was all the better for a good hotel in the foreground; and elsewhere we meet with traces of a similar feeling. He admits, indeed, in one place, that the Hunza-Nagyr Valley is superior to the Vale of Langollen; but even of the best he seems inclined to say, with his guide Zurbriggen: "It is well enough to have come and seen it, but here one would not choose to live." But when the occasion calls for a touch of description Mr. Conway, doubtless owing to his training as a professor of the fine arts, knows just where to apply it. Thus the "purple turbans" above; and elsewhere, at Nagyr, for instance, where "the old Raja was carried down to visit us," encamped on the polo-ground—

"We planted him on the ground on a blue rug. A couple of his people made themselves into a chair-back for him to lean against. . . . Zawara, the big lambadhar, sat somewhat in front of the rest, wearing a blue shawl. The inferior folk gathered at a distance on a grass slope,

to get to your peak and back to human habitations, there is naturally not time for many first-class expeditions in one season. Nor are the details of climbing so very different at 10,000 ft. and at 20,000 ft.: "the descent from the Hispar pass" (save for the size of the party) might be the descent from the Col d'Hérens to Evolena; and the top of "Pioneer Peak"—the highest point which has yet been reached save in a balloon—for all its 23,000 ft., might stand very well for the summit of Mont Blanc were the loftier peak behind it blotted out. The turbans, and the intelligent, if not handsome, face of the swarthy Gurkha alone give the Oriental flavour.

The Gurkhas, by the way, ought not to be passed over without notice, for no mountaineer was ever better served by his attendants than Mr. Conway by these smart little soldiers, who showed themselves just as plucky and handy on rocks and ice as we have long known them to be under fire. One of them, Harkbir Thapa, who had already earned the Order of Merit by gallant behaviour at the storming of the Nilt Fort (for which see Mr. Knight's "Where Three Empires Meet") was, says Mr. Conway, "before the end of the season as good as a good Swiss porter; and if he could work for three years under a first-rate Swiss guide, he would become a good guide himself." His perfect coolness in trying circumstances was shown in the descent from Pioneer Peak, when he slipped from a worn step in the steep ice-slope, as depicted in the frontispiece. Supported only by the rope, he retained his axe, and quickly cut his way back to the line of march. Two of the others were equally good; and the fourth, Parbir, the cheery man of the party, acquitted himself well, though "he will always remain an amateur."

The points we have noticed are the merest sample of the varied contents of this most fascinating book of travel. Mr. Conway has an eye for everything—art, nature, mankind. Neither the beauties nor the humours of the road escape him. Also, with perhaps one exception, he is overflowing with goodwill towards all the people with whom he was brought into contact; and nothing is so effective to ensure the production of a pleasant book.

## OCEAN FLEETS.

*Our Ocean Railways.* By A. Fraser-Macdonald. (London: Chapman and Hall, Limited.)—Mr. Fraser-Macdonald has

## THE DESCENT FROM THE HISPAR PASS.

From "Climbing in the Himalayas" (Fisher Unwin).

the question is more than ample if it be treated from the year 1736, when Jonathan Hulls took out letters patent for a machine to carry ships against wind and tide; or even from the inventions of the undaunted Henry Bell, and the passage of Fulton's steam-boat *Clermont* up the Hudson in the year 1807. To the majority of readers, the particulars of the great ships which the decade has produced, of their engines, their saloons, their state-rooms, and their crews, will be of infinitely larger interest. Even those who face a journey to New York with no more thought than they would give to a trip to Brighton and back may well be astounded to learn accurately the measurements and capabilities of the colossal floating hotels which minister so admirably to their comfort on the high seas. I would take a very recent ship, the *Campania*, as an instance. She is the largest vessel afloat, says Mr. Macdonald, being 600 ft. long between her perpendiculars, and having 67 ft. 3 in. as the extreme breadth of her beam. Her depth from the upper deck is 43 ft., and she measures 12,950 tons. Her crew consists of 415 men, and she has performed the journey from New York to the Mersey (Rock Light) in six days, four hours, twenty-nine minutes. She has a grand saloon 100 ft. long, 62 ft. broad, and 10 ft. in height throughout; there is a superb drawing-room, 60 ft. long by 30 ft. broad; a library with many hundreds of volumes; and a smoking-room with decorations in the old Scotch baronial style. All that the artist, the decorator, and the upholsterer can do has been done for this marvellous product of later-day science, as it has been done on the magnificent steamers of the White Star, the Inman, or the P. and O. lines. The most arid philosopher on land could no longer urge one valid reason against the ocean journey, or the possibilities of enjoying it. We are berthed in state-rooms which are triumphs of comfort; we are fed by cooks who could learn nothing from Savarin or Gouffé; we have our libraries, our drawing-rooms, our concerts, our exercise. The very magnitude of ships mitigates that distress of nature which knows not distinction between the weak and the strong. With all these

appurtenances for the promotion of comfort this book deals fitly; but it traces also the rise of fleets, and is in some measure a history of the development of our mercantile navy during the century. Its statistical side is admirable, and in no way detracts from that spell of interest which the more romantic side of the subject must cast. And that the subject has a romantic side even the prosaic man of towns will admit; and will read this book for a further knowledge of it.

MAX PEMBERTON.



NEW SNOW AMONG THE SERACS.

From "Climbing in the Himalayas" (Fisher Unwin).

content to see, without being able to hear. The boys of the village played hockey up and down the polo-ground before us."

There is a little picture, selected at random, which we venture to say is at least as well worth painting as Henri III. and his puppies.

There is so much good reading in this book that one almost feels inclined to skip the climbing part. In truth, the actual climbs were not many. When it takes a month

seized upon a very fascinating subject in this book; but has given us a superabundance of the purely historic. Any man who writes upon navigation has to face the temptation of some reference to Prince Henry of Portugal, and a few unnecessary observations upon Hipparchus, Strabo, and Ptolemy. These dull people are rightly the property of the historiographers. They have no proper place in a work which is built upon so self-sufficient a subject as the rise of our ocean fleets. The archaeology of



A. D. MCC.

## THE DESCENT FROM THE HISPAR PASS.

From "Climbing in the Himalayas" (Fisher Unwin).

## THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

London is accustomed to the May Meetings and to the stream of more or less sedate men and women which they draw to

Exeter Hall morning, afternoon, and evening. But last week it witnessed Churchmen gathered for five days to consider in one way and another the progress and the problems of foreign missions. The Missionary Conference which was held at St. James's

Hall is not, however, without precedent. Churchmen have met before to consider these subjects, but never

Professor Douglas, and Mr. Bosworth Smith, it could hardly be said that interest in missions was accepted as a matter of purely clerical concern. Moreover, of the ordained missionaries present, one, the Rev. H. E. Perkins, was, before he joined the C.M.S. staff, a distinguished Indian civilian and Commissioner of Division.

The proceedings of the conference began on Monday afternoon with a service at St. Paul's. The general public were not rewarded by a large gathering of home bishops, but there was compensation in the presence of the Lord Mayor. The congregation was a large one, but strenuously as the preacher, the Bishop of Durham, exerted himself, he was but indifferently heard. From St. Paul's the members proceeded to the Mansion House, where civic hospitality was dispensed in a mild form. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present for a time; Bishop Wilkinson, of St. Andrews, pervaded the place; the head of Sir John Kennaway towered above the throng; and missionary bishops were almost as plentiful as curates.

The actual business began on Tuesday, when, despite the threatening weather, a crowded audience met for the opening session. The Archbishop of Canterbury delivered a statesmanlike address on the Church's duty in regard to missions. It was an address which caused much searching of hearts among those who support the idea of societies as against that of mission work done by the Church as a whole. If his Grace wished to set

the Punjab. Other ecclesiastical questions introduced one of the American contingent, Bishop Hale; the new Bishop of Lahore; and Mr. Eugene Stock, a London layman, who has visited a fair proportion of the mission-fields in the world, and has done as much for the advancement of the cause as any single man.

On Wednesday the conference addressed itself to the "Problems to be Solved." Archdeacon Koshi-Koshi, of South India, did not appear in person; and there was disappointment in the afternoon, when a native Chinese clergyman, the Rev. Yung King Yen, who has been a great figure at the May Meetings, was expected to discuss the delicate subject of opium. The "African Problems" introduced in Mr. Farler a veteran worker in the field from which Bishop Smythies has just been removed. Bishop Selwyn spoke in the afternoon, and in the evening the perplexing subject of polygamy brought up, among others, the old Indian, Dr. R. N. Cust. In the evening the Rev. R. P. Ashe, one of the early workers in Uganda, and a man who has passed through experiences trying enough to satisfy the most enterprising soldier, spoke on the influence of politics and trade. Lord Stanmore dealt with Western ways in their influence on natives.

Thursday opened with interesting views as to the value of associate or celibate missions and of family life; of educational, industrial, and medical missions; and of translational work. "The Building up of the Church" was

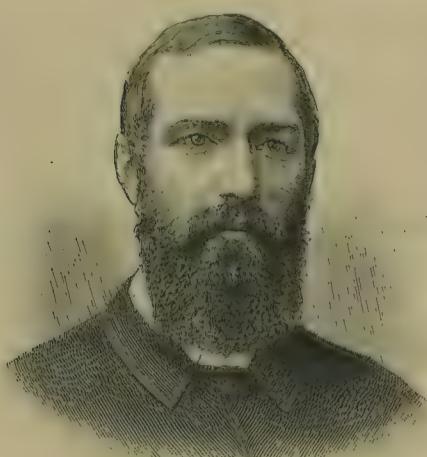


Photo by Otto Mayer, Dresden.  
THE REV. R. P. ASHE, MISSIONARY TO UGANDA.

Hall is not, however, without precedent. Churchmen have met before to consider these subjects, but never



"LOST SHEEP."—BY H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

Exhibited at the Guildhall Loan Collection, 1894.—Reproduced by kind permission of C. T. Harris, Esq.

upon the elaborate scale and in the numbers of this gathering. General conferences on foreign missions, open alike to Churchmen and Nonconformists, may even claim a respectable antiquity, the one held at Exeter Hall in 1888 being the most elaborate and successful of them all. But these gatherings have inevitably drawn but a one-sided representation from the Church; while the conference of last week necessarily excluded Nonconformity. It was not, however, restricted to the Church at home. It announced itself from the first as "a special effort to unite members of our Church throughout the world," and the invitation, in the name of the two Archbishops, was thus widely extended. The Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States were invited to join in the movement, and a small American contingent was present.

The meetings of the conference have, like those of the Church Congresses, brought together all schools of thought, sturdy Protestants such as Archdeacon Richardson being upon the platform equally with advanced High Churchmen such as Father Puller, whilst laymen of large administrative experience have been found side by side with scholars and with the average home sympathiser. Indeed, with a programme which included such laymen as Lord Stanmore, Sir William Muir, Sir Monier Monier-Williams, Sir Frederick Goldsmid, Sir Thomas Wade,

Churchmen talking he must have succeeded well. The opening subject for discussion, "The Call to Missionary Service," brought together the High Church Bishop of St. Andrews (Dr. Wilkinson), and the Low Church Preliminary Webb Peploe, Father Page, and the Rev. F. S. Webster, of Birmingham. A less popular, but very practical subject followed, in "The Training of Missionaries." Two of the most useful sessions were those in which the attitude towards various religions was discussed. Sir Frederick Goldsmid has made a special study of Turkey and Persia; the latter country found another representative in Dr. Bruce. Mr. Bosworth Smith has studied Islam at home, and long ago proved himself an acute critic of its work. Again, to hear Professor Douglas on Confucianism was as good as reading his book on China, and the Bishop of Colombo had also proved, by pen as well as by work in the field, how deeply he has studied the problems which meet him in Ceylon. The discussion of doctrine, ethics, and practical questions connected with baptism again brought up interesting men—the Rev. George Ensor, the C.M.S. pioneer in Japan in the days when Japan was a field of peril; the Rev. R. L. Ottley, mildest, most charming, and most persuasive of Oxford dons; the Bishop of Bloemfontein; and the Rev. Rowland Bateman, a veteran from one of the most difficult of fields,

conspicuous for the number of distinguished veterans drawn out. Bishop Speechley, for ten years Bishop of Travancore and Cochin, represented a field in which large triumphs have been won. Bishop Stuart, after many years of work in New Zealand, is going as a simple missionary to Persia. Bishop Macrorie spoke for South Africa, and Bishop Barry not only for Australia, but also for India, which he has visited. Home work was under discussion on Friday, and the conference was closed with a great public meeting in the evening. It has beyond doubt given striking proof of the advance which foreign missions have made in public favour and in the active support of the Church.

## OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

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THE DÉBUTANTE.

BY LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.

LUCIEN DAVIS 1894.

## THE EARTHQUAKES AT ATALANTE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

It would be hard to imagine a place from which misfortune or catastrophe seemed so remote as the plain of Atalante. The broad fertile lowland, whose lower edges are washed by the waveless, tideless Euripus, whose villages lay clustered amid olive-groves and rows of mulberry-trees, defended from the northern gales by grey grave mountains, appeared to one a very valley of Avilion. A hundred cool springs gush out of the mountain side, the goats nibble the low-growing cistus and myrtle along its upper slopes, and below, the valley is yellow-green with fresh growing corn and grey with the olives, beneath which flocks of sheep and cows are led out for their daily pasturage. Then in a moment this terrible catastrophe fell on its villages and villagers.

I left Athens in a Greek coasting steamer, which runs up the eastern side of the country, calling at various small towns on its way. We arrived at Chalcis, which stands on the Euboean side of the straits, early in the morning, and found ourselves on the outskirts of the destruction. There, however, the damage done only affected property. Many of the houses were cracked in some parts of the roof, or pieces of a wall had fallen, and the town to a large extent was no longer safe to live in. But the Greek Government had sent tents, and part of the population, whose houses were no longer habitable, were encamped on the outskirts. Then, after five hours' sail between the mainland and Euboea, we came to the little port of Atalante.

A short street used to face the sea, made of low stone houses, and a small pier ran out to receive the boats of passing steamers. The pier is split in half, and the top part overturned into the water, and of the street nothing, literally nothing, remains. There are some piles of stones, some woodwork, some roof tiles lying in heaps along the line of the street, and that is all.

Four or five miles of the richest, loveliest country separates Atalante from the sea. The corn was already high, and the cornfields bright with scarlet poppy. Larks sprang up from the edge of the roadside as we passed, and bright green lizards ran scuttling across the road. It was the sort of scene which one has looked upon often in Greece, but which never grows less satisfactorily wonderful. The intense colour, the extravagant luxuriance of the place, the land breeze which was already beginning to stir and come down laden with scent and freshness, made up that spell which May weaves silently and lovingly over Greece when, year by year, "blossom by blossom the spring begins."

All round Atalante were groups of tents, and the people were chatting together and the children playing about in the afternoon sun. But the village itself, a large place with some 1700 inhabitants, is absolutely deserted. Not a single house is safe to live in. Some are absolute wrecks, strewing the ground like matchwood; in all some roof or wall has fallen, or a yawning crack extends from ceiling to floor. But here again, as in Chalcis, there was no loss of life. Many have lost all they had in the way of possessions, but the absolute desolation of other villages is absent. There were two severe shocks, of which the first happened nine days before the Greek Easter, the second almost exactly a week later, on Good Friday. The first one did comparatively little damage, but all along the mountain side above Atalante a great split opened in the ground, extending for many kilomètres in each direction.

Exactly a week later the people were celebrating their Good Friday service. This is one of the most important feasts in the Greek Church, and man, woman, and child, mothers with babies in their arms, the oldest and the youngest attend. In the evening there is a short service in the church, and then the whole congregation marches out, headed by the priests bearing a pall, carrying tapers, and singing the dirge for the dead Christ. I saw the Epitaphia, as it is called, being celebrated this year in Athens; it is a sight I shall never forget. The long, broad street leading up to the square was crammed with people following the pall of Christ round the town. Just before the procession started from the cathedral there had been a bad earthquake, and a panic, which was imminent, had only just been suppressed. That earthquake was felt most strongly at Atalante.

There the service was just over, and the congregation had streamed out of the church into the square, from which in a few moments they would have walked through the narrow streets of the town. And as they were assembled in the broad open space outside the church the shock came. The dome of the church fell in, crashing down into the building which a few minutes before had been filled with people; along the top of the town, underneath a line of houses, the earth was torn open as a draper tears cloth; a row of houses was rent in two; the bell of the rocking church swung and clanged; women shrieked; men and women together rushed out into the country, away from the houses, and mingled with the shrieks was the terrible underground roar, which continued, I was told, half the night; and alone in the deserted town were left the priests bearing the pall of Christ.

For many hours the people did not dare to return. The shocks continued, though less violently, and no doubt the rent in the earth acted, and still acts, as a sort of safety-valve. It extends all round the plain, for the distance of about thirty kilomètres, and nearly continuously. Huge boulders were detached from the rocks above—happily outside the town—and rolled down into the fields. The same night a great wave rose in that waveless sea, and the plain sank in some places five feet, so that several houses which stood on the edge of the sea and are now in ruins are covered with water to halfway up the doors. Earthquakes at any time, even when no harm is done, produce in most people a horrible unintelligible fear, a nervous shrinking which is irresistible, and when we add to this the fact that this terrible visitation happened at night, in

the middle of that sombre realistic piece of ritual, that on one side the sea rose, and on the other boulders rushed down from the mountains, one may be able to understand the panic that held people in its hand. And even at Atalante, where, almost by a miracle, no lives were lost, there are sad sights enough. I went along the line of houses which the fissure had wrecked, and in the ruins of one were sitting an old man and his wife. He was trying to piece together some fragments of a large earthenware jar. There had been four of them, he told me, in the house, and they were all full of olive oil. He had nothing left: his house was in ruins, and all he possessed lay crushed beneath the ruins. . . .

For the most part the houses were entirely deserted, but, curiously enough, many of the dogs were still lying on the thresholds, and growled at us if we came too near. It was their business to guard the house, and they lay where they had always lain.

We slept that night in one of the soldiers' tents, and started as soon as it was light next morning to other villages. Our road lay underneath the mountains, and at one place the grass on the side was half covered by the large blocks fallen from the cliffs. Towards the south of the plain the sea has encroached for about three hundred metres, and several wrecks of houses were standing half out of the water. Whole vineyards and cornfields lay submerged or half-submerged, and at some distance from the land stood out a stretch of cornfield, gay with poppies, with half the ruined crop beneath the surface.

The two villages we visited that morning had been destroyed by the first earthquake, so that there had been no warning of any kind. From some distance off we could see lines of tents, where the inhabitants of Proskena were camping out, but we saw no sign of the village. But

Then, when day dawned, they saw the absolute desolation of their homes; they carried their dead out to burial in the churchyard on the hill, and began life again alone. In some cases chance had been more merciful, and the whole family had perished. But it is in cases where there is a single survivor—an old father, a mother, a young child—that the horror seems so incredible.

A ride of an hour and a half across lovely wooded hills brought us to Malerina. Here they have pitched their tents on a stretch of level upland above the village, and leaving our horses there we walked to the edge of the hill on the side of which the village lay. A broad deep fissure has opened all along the edge of the hill, and from there we looked down on to the village. It is a series of brown dustheaps, and in the middle is a white dustheap, which was the church. A hundred and forty were killed and seventy wounded. The houses had been well built of square blocks of stone; in some cases iron girders had been passed through the walls, but they were lying about twisted, doubled, and crumpled, as one can crumple a paper spill in one's fingers. The houses have been tossed out of the earth, and the foundations are lying on the surface. The destruction is absolute and complete. Here, again, as at Proskena, there was no warning; the people had come back from their work, and the village was full. In one house, when they cleared the débris away, they found a young mother lying dead, with her baby still on her breast, twenty hours after. The baby had both legs broken, but was still living. It has been brought to Athens to the hospital, and is now going on well.

One hopes the worst is over. For Malerina and Proskena the worst has happened. There is nothing left which can fall. The second earthquake, which did such damage at Atalante, was, of course, felt as severely in these two neighbouring villages, but it did no harm, for there was nothing left for it to harm.

I do not wish to dwell any longer on these terrible scenes. It is all incredibly horrible; but it is all horribly true. What can be done is being done. Russia, Italy, and England have sent war-ships with provisions for the people, and planks for them to build houses with, and subscriptions are on foot. The people are intensely grateful for assistance and encouragement, but the future to many must seem an absolute blank. One can only be thankful that the catastrophe did not happen in the winter, and that the weather was fine and warm. But when the state of things is so terrible it is but a poor consolation to think that it might have been worse.

## GOLF IN THE LOW COUNTRIES IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Those who have written on the history of golf have been hitherto unable to settle the vexed question whether, in the early days of the game, golfers in other countries actually played golf as it was played in Scotland. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his chapter on the "History of the Game" (*vide "Golf,"* by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, in the Badminton Library, fourth edition, 1893, the latest book on the subject), says: "There is nothing to show, as far as I am aware, that these early Flemish golfers putted at holes."

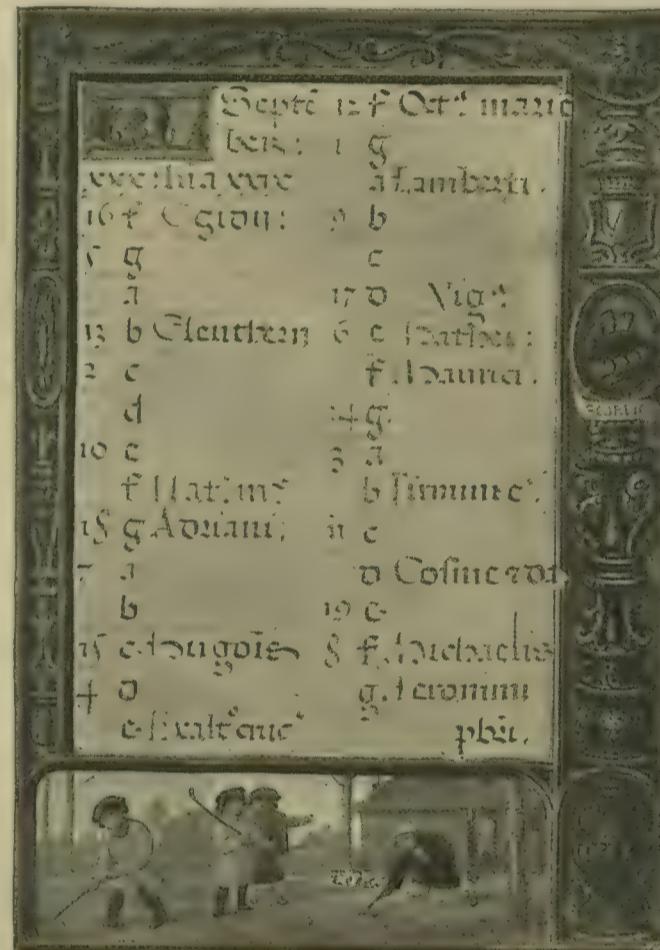
This point has been set at rest, once for all, by the discovery of a miniature in a manuscript in the British Museum, which is described as follows: "A series of miniatures and illuminated leaves cut from a Book of Hours. Vellum, 30 leaves, measuring 4½ by 3½ inches, executed at Bruges in the best style of Flemish art early in the sixteenth century. There are in all twenty-one miniatures—nine illustrate the services and twelve represent the occupations of the several months of the year, at the foot of which are introduced illustrations of various games, including golf." The particular miniature illustrating golf is on folio 27, and shows a scene on a putting-green. Three players are represented; one standing near his own ball and waiting his turn to play is engaged in watching another, who is in the act of putting at the hole. His kneeling position and manner of

holding the club, although doubtless strictly correct according to the canons of the game at that time, and the large size of the ball, impress the modern player as being peculiar. The red coat worn by one of the players appears to be quite *en règle*, but the sky-blue pantaloons worn by another seem to be every bit as startling to us as, perhaps, some of the stockings, not to mention other garments, which we sometimes encounter nowadays on the links would have looked to these Flemish sportsmen. The third player, relegated to the far corner of the picture, seems to have teed his ball preparatory to a drive, and to be addressing it. His position—standing open—would be cordially approved by some of our present-day players, while, although his hands seem too far apart, only the hypercritical could find fault with his grip of the driver.

Each player is represented as having one club only, and it is of interest to notice that all the three clubs shown are very similar in shape to the wooden ones now in use. There is, however, one great difference: the face of the two clubs of which a front view is given being coloured a steely blue, showing, apparently, that a slip of steel was affixed, very much in the fashion recently advocated by Professor Tait. The green is guarded on two sides by a low wooden fence, which appears to be the only hazard protecting it; and it will be noticed that the surrounding trees have all the lower branches removed. Possibly we are at the home hole of the course, for in the middle distance of the picture, on the third side of the green, is a plaster and timber building with a thatched roof, decidedly more comfortable in appearance than the usual iron house.

The illustration is placed at the foot of the calendar for September—that month evidently being in the opinion of the artist peculiarly favourable for play.

This small drawing throws a flood of light on the history of the game, not only showing that *real* golf was played in the Low Countries, but that it was so well known as to be included in a selection of popular sports about the year 1500—the early years of the sixteenth century being the date ascribed by experts to the illustration. HENRY M. MAYHEW.



GOLF IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

Minature from a "Book of Hours," 1500-1510.

when we came nearer, we saw what had happened. The whole place was destroyed; it was like a card-house when a child has shaken the table. On the hill a few pieces of wall still stood where the church had been, but the rest of the village was no more than a series of dustheaps.

The first shock occurred in the evening about seven. Even at Athens it was severe. The people had all come in from the fields, and most of them were in the houses. There was no warning, no preliminary shock of any kind, and in two seconds the whole place was in ruins, with its dead beneath them, and the earthquake was over.

A service was going on at the time at the church; and the priest, suddenly looking up, saw the sky through the roof. There were many children present, and he rushed towards the door, pushing some four or five before him. They were saved, and the whole church fell in on the others, and twenty-eight young children were killed.

As we went up to the church we heard a woman's voice raised in shrill lamentation, after the manner of Greek women. "They are burying her husband," my guide told me. "He died this morning of the effects of the earthquake." "Did she lose any children?" "Yes, all her children; there were four of them."

And through all the village there was the same tale. One man had just left the house to get water, leaving in it his wife and three children. They had been buried two days before.

And in no single instance did they ask me for help, but everyone I saw had one question: "Will there be another earthquake?" I have never before felt so sickeningly helpless.

We breakfasted under a tree by the village spring, and the people came down from their tents and told us of the horrors of the night just after the earthquake—how men ran like frightened animals out into the country, not knowing where they should be safe. Some even made their way across the hilly country to the next village to seek for help and provisions, and when they came there they found it was destroyed too, as utterly as their own.

## THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

The "Old Society" has attractions of its own which custom does not stale. Modern art may have its charms and its votaries—of whose good faith we have no reason to doubt—but English water-colour painting as handed down and perfected by successive generations of adepts is always to be seen at its best at the "Old Society." It cannot be said that this year's exhibition is specially strong, or that it is marked by any startling novelties. With few exceptions the painters stick to the subjects or styles with which they are most familiar. Mr. A. W. Hunt is perhaps the most important, for, abandoning "Whitby" (34) to Mr. Albert Goodwin, who has taken full advantage of his subject, he brings back from his American trip a striking and wholly unconventional treatment of "Niagara" (106), which seems to have suffered as much as less imposing waterfalls from the protracted drought of last year. Mr. Hunt has treated this difficult subject, which has usually been the prey of panorama-painters, with his accustomed delicacy and distinction. There is strange absence of roar and rush about the scene, but, on the other hand, the more hidden beauties of the spot are indicated with sufficient strength and in perfect balance. The foreground is strewn with the remnants of the spring scour, and is left brown and colourless, throwing into greater relief the sweep of the falls in the background. Mr. Goodwin's treatment of Whitby, before mentioned, is not so weird as his "Corfe Castle" (216), or so poetically conceived as the rose-coloured walls of "Avignon" (203), glittering above the floating mists of the valley of the Rhone or the heights of "Mont St. Michel" (227), rising from the sea. Mr. Tom Lloyd sends a number of small pastoral scenes, often deftly composed and brilliantly coloured, but most people will be of opinion that he is more successful in East Anglian marshes, with their broad expanse of cloudless sky and slowly moving streams. Exceptionally good, however, is his "Sunrise on the South Downs" (112), with its flock of sheep winding their way to the uplands in the grey morning light. Mr. Matthew Hale shows no sign of flagging powers or purpose, and among the painters of poetic landscape he holds a foremost place. The treatment of the sky in "Winter" (118) is most effective, and is evidence of what a skilful artist can extract from the simplest materials. At the same time, his "View from Loch Maree" (104) and his study of "Moonlight" (249) are works which stand out from their surroundings; while the "Evening View of the Ponte Vecchio" (8) at Florence is for unity of tone and delicacy of work one of the most attractive pictures in the whole exhibition. Mr. Robert W. Allan contributes a number of striking views from Sicily and India, in which he brings out the deep shadows thrown by the midday sun with almost too much emphasis; and in this sort of work he is closely followed by Mr. Arthur Melville in his view of the town of Tangier (79) with the deep blue sea in the background. The danger of this special style is that it leads to a certain spottiness in effect, which after a time becomes irritating. Mr. R. W. Allan's single bit of Scotch scenery, "Benbecula Market" (126), is for this reason more permanently pleasing than the majority of his Southern studies. Mr. Herbert Marshall, as usual, is at his best when telling the beauties which London streets can offer to those who have eyes to see; but he has in Miss Rose Barton a clever follower, who has learnt her lesson well, as her "Royal Exchange" (167) testifies. Miss Clara Montalba has done a real kindness to those who would wish to know something of the charms of Asolo (240 and 247), and to identify Cornaro's Tower and

Browning's House. One cannot be surprised that this spot, high among the Euganean hills, had such attractions for the poet; but we regret that Miss Montalba has not indicated even faintly the prospect from these heights.

The remaining pictures which at once arrest attention and deserve close study are, for the most part, the works of those whose position has so long been established that the public needs no reminder of their skill. Among such are Mr. Wainwright's "Beadsman" (18), the small portraits of Mr. MacWhirter, R.A. (221), Mr. R. Macbeth, A.R.A. (107), and



INTERIOR OF ARMOURED GUN-TRUCK, FOR COAST DEFENCE,  
WITH 40-POUNDER GUN.

Mr. M. H. Spielmann (229), by Mr. Hubert Herkomer. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Venetian Gold" (176) is either unfinished or fails to convey the artist's intention, unless he would imply that the ladies on the housetop are only just at the beginning of their self-inflicted sufferings, for their hair is flaxen, not golden at all. Mr. Henry Moore is not more happy in broken water than many others who prefer open and comparatively calm seas—and Mr.

action. On Saturday, May 19, at Newhaven, an exhibition of the working of this railway-truck gun, firing at two targets in Seaford Bay, placed about half a mile and a mile east of the breakwater, took place with entire success, in the presence of Lord William Seymour, the General commanding the Military District, General Sir Evelyn Wood, General Sir Francis Grenfell, the Marquis of Abergavenny, Prince Hugo of Schönberg-Waldenberg, Lord Cantelupe, Earl Russell, Lord Charles Beresford, and many officers, among whom was Major Stone, R.A., secretary to the Committee for National Defence. The visitors were entertained at luncheon at Brighton, in the drill-hall of the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers, Sir Julian Goldsmid presiding, with Colonel Boxall at the opposite end of the table. They went on to Newhaven by a special train with the gun-truck and the detachment of twenty Volunteer artillermen, under Captain Brigden, by whom the gun was to be worked; but other detachments, from Shoreham and Lewes, joined to form a guard of honour. A large number of people assembled to witness the novel performance, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The shots were fired from the truck on the railway, at a range of two thousand yards to the targets at sea off the head of the breakwater. Various tests were applied to prove the stability of the mounting of the gun, with which the military experts were generally well satisfied. Lord William Seymour and Sir F. Grenfell spoke of the experiment with much approbation. During the practice, many of the



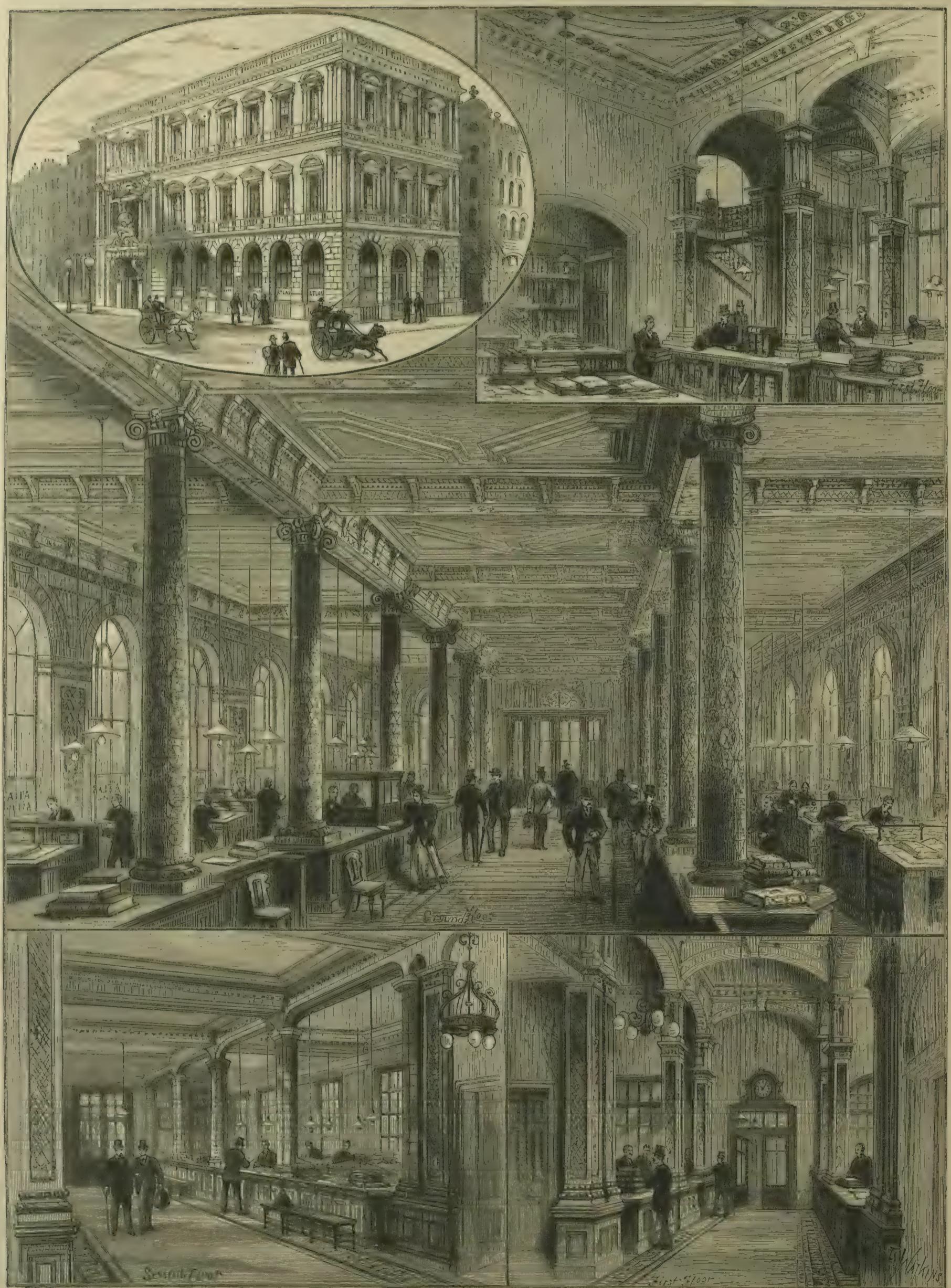
ARMOURED GUN-TRUCK FOR COAST DEFENCE.

Edward Hughes will have some difficulty in persuading us to associate Elia with "Trifles of this Sort" (152). Of Sir E. Burne-Jones's "Chapel of the Sangraal" (61), we said enough on its appearance at the New Gallery last winter. It is a very remarkable composition, painted in the artist's most subdued, but at the same time most attractive style. The conception of the three knights, of whom only one—Sir Galahad—was allowed to approach the door of the tabernacle in which the Sangraal was preserved is marked by almost dramatic sentiment.

officers watched critically to observe the action of the firing on the railway lines, and, so far as could be seen, everything was most satisfactory. The only effect appeared to be a slight shaking of the gun compartment, caused by the gun running forward after recoil. The shots touched the water sufficiently near the target to hide it in a column of foam and spray, which was creditable practice, considering the direction and force of the wind. The visitors were accommodated with places upon a convenient platform to view the experiments on the shore.

## VOLUNTEER COAST DEFENCE RAILWAY ARTILLERY.

An experiment of much importance to our coast defences on railway lines has been commenced by the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers, under the command of Colonel C. G. Boxall, with the aid of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company. Sir Julian Goldsmid, honorary Colonel of the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers, has contributed to the cost, jointly with Colonel Boxall, in the construction of an armoured truck with a turntable, devised by Mr. R. J. Billinton, locomotive superintendent of the railway, to carry a forty-pounder breech-loading Armstrong gun, which may form part of a train of railway artillery. The gun is so mounted as to be available, by the use of the turntable, for broadside firing, and to be brought to bear on an enemy approaching from the sea, or attempting to land on the beach or sands of the shore. In this respect it differs from the use of the forty-pounder mounted upon a truck by the Naval Brigade near Alexandria in the Egyptian War of 1882, as that gun could fire only to the front. The gun is quickly traversed by two men with handspikes fitted into the rear of the turntable, whereby the muzzle can, within half a minute, be directed to any surrounding point; this could indeed, with the addition of certain mechanical gear, be performed by a single man. The strain of the recoil is lessened, in firing broadside, by a prolongation of the cross girders, drawn out and supported on blocks, and there are gradually rising metal grooves for the wheels to run back upon, as well as a powerful hydraulic recoil cylinder; so that there is no fear of the gun throwing itself off the truck. The armour of the truck consists of bullet-proof plates, five-eighths of an inch or half an inch thick. It is contemplated that when in action the gun-truck alone should be exposed to the enemy's fire, leaving the engine which has drawn it, with two carriages for the men, under some cover, as in a railway cutting. For this purpose a steel hawser is attached to the gun-truck, that the men may draw it into the required position. The two carriages for the men have steps to the roofs, which are protected by bullet-proof plates, and upon which the men, with rifles or carbines, might take part in the



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VISITORS TO THE LOAN COLLECTION, ART GALLERY, GUILDHALL.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have received from Dr. Vaughan Harley a copy of his paper on the value of sugar and the effect of smoking in muscular work, two topics which possess somewhat of a social interest, apart altogether from their undoubted scientific importance. I may commence my remarks on this interesting communication by a word of praise to Dr. Harley for the clearness of his exposition, and still more for the excellent summary of his results which he appends to his paper. It is not given to every man (and especially to every scientist) to clothe his ideas in plain language. Some scientists, indeed, judging from the fearful and wonderful performances one reads in the way of their literary efforts, appear to act up to the saying that language was given to conceal thought. This is, I presume, a survival of the old days, when to be scientific was only another name for being obscure in diction and technical in style. I suppose the example of men like Professor Huxley, Sir Robert Ball, Sir B. W. Richardson, the Rev. Dr. Dallinger, the late Professor Milnes Marshall (of whose essays I have just finished the perusal), will be more than sufficient to contradict the idea that scientific truth must of necessity be beyond the popular comprehension, or be incapable of translation into plain, terse, and vigorous English.

Dr. Harley speaks of sugar having become so cheap that it might be added largely to the dietary of the working man "as a promoter of muscular power, and not merely employed as it is at present, as a mere condiment." The meaning of this pregnant observation is founded on the primary fact of physiology, that we derive our muscular power not from nitrogenous foods (directly, at least) but from the non-nitrogenous fats, starches, and sugars. Further, it was shown that the animal starch or glycogen (which the liver stores up, by-the-way) found in muscles, is used up when the muscles work, and accumulates in them again, when they are in repose. Now, this glycogen is no doubt convertible into sugar; but, as I understand the argument advanced, sugar, *per se*, is itself a muscular food of extreme value. It is proved that sugar in the blood going to a muscle is far more rapidly used up when the muscle is in action than when it is at rest.

By means of an ingenious apparatus, the "Ergograph," invented by Professor Mosso of Turin, Dr. Harley was able accurately to calculate the work done by means of the flexor muscles or those bending his middle fingers. He had to calculate his diet rigidly and otherwise to constitute his body as nearly as possible a machine or engine, the work of which and the consumption of fuel alike could be estimated with accuracy. As the result of a long series of researches the following are the chief conclusions regarding sugar and smoking in relation to muscular work at which Dr. Harley arrived. To start with, he tells us the periods of digestion and the kinds of foods taken possess a marked influence on our voluntary muscular energy; but, irrespective of food at all, he found a periodical daily rise and fall in the power of performing muscular work. One point of interest is the fact that more work is possible after midday than before it; the minimum being at nine in the morning, and the maximum at three in the afternoon. Next comes an interesting remark on the value of regular exercise. This condition not only increases the size and power of the muscles, but delays, in a marked manner, the approach of fatigue. I presume this result, in plain language, is due to the influence of habit.

Turning to the effects of sugar on muscular work, Dr. Harley says that the energy developed on a meal of sugar alone is almost equal to that obtained from a full diet; but, notably, fatigue sets in sooner after the sugar diet than after the mixed meal. In the fasting state sugar increases the power of doing muscular work to a certain extent, and as the total gain on a day's work may thus amount from 61 to 76 per cent, the time before fatigue comes in is also lengthened. But that the effect of sugar as an energy-producing food is remarkable, seems to be proved by the fact that when added to a small (and presumably insufficient) meal, it increases the muscular power during thirty contractions from 9 to 21 per cent. Added to a large mixed meal, the same result is seen, though the percentage of increase of muscular work is not so great as under the previous conditions.

Two hundred and fifty grammes (a gramme is about fifteen grains English) of sugar taken in addition to a full diet "increases the day's work." Taken early in the evening, sugar is capable of decreasing the daily fall in muscle-power which occurs at night, and it also increases the resistance to fatigue. Then, as to smoking, Dr. Harley found that moderate smoking, though it may have a slight influence in diminishing the power of doing ordinary muscular work, neither stops the morning rise, nor, if indulged in early in the evening, hinders the evening fall. These are interesting conclusions, because they certainly elevate sugar to a place of greater import as a valuable food than ordinary physiology has been, hitherto inclined to assign to it. The question of the assimilation and digestion of sugar is, of course, largely a personal one; but as most of us are in the habit of using it as a food-adjunct, it may be satisfactory to know that in so employing it, we are really using a food of high energy-producing powers. What the scientifically minded boy who has a liking for sweets may now be able to say to his parents, in the way of an argument in favour of these confections, can better be imagined than described.

In this column I have frequently emphasised the importance of light, and especially of sunshine, as an essential condition for healthy life. In respect of the effect of light on germ growth, observations have from time to time been chronicled here showing that both diffuse daylight, and still more distinctly sunlight, possess an all-important effect in destroying microbes. One of the latest researches in this direction shows that a particular germ which is associated with the *pus* (or matter) of wounds, if exposed for three or four hours to sunlight, loses the power of producing its characteristic colour, while if the exposure be extended, the germ itself is killed. This result is in accord with what we know of the effect of light on other germs.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2615 received from W E Thompson and F Glanville; of No. 2616 from Emile Frau (Lyons), W H S, F Glanville, J S Brandreth, W E Thompson, A Church, Charles Wagner (Vienna), Admiral Brandreth, J H Halgood (Haslar), J S Martin (Kidderminster), J Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2617 received from M A Eyre (Folkestone), L Desinges, T Roberts, A Church, Emile Frau (Lyons), F Glanville, J Coad, Shadforth, J S Martin, Rev A W Wheeler (Rochester), Alpha, J Hall, A Newman, R H Brooks, H E Lee (Worthing), W P Hind, Odham Club, M Burke, W R Tailem, E Burton, E B Foord, H S Brandreth, R S Stewart, M T Jenkins (Hull), Martin F, Z Ingold (Frampton), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), C D (Camberwell), E C Weatherley, Arthur Madsen, John McRobert (Crossgar), W Mackenzie, E E H, E Loudon, Admiral Brandreth, G Joicey, A E McClintock (Kingstown), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G Bauer, R E (Gravesend), Dawn, H B Hurford, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), G T Hughes (Athy), A Farmer, Charles Burnett, C M A B, G R Croll, Ubique, A H B, L Simons (Chelmsford), Sorrento, T G (Ware), and Northgate (Ipswich).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2616.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

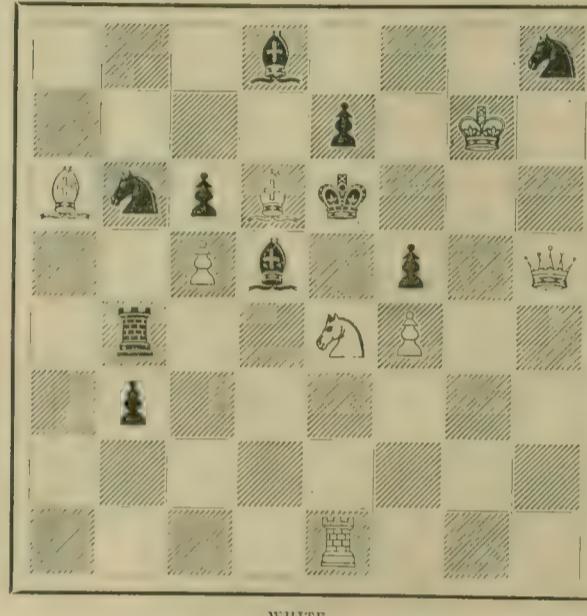
WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to Kt 2nd	K to R 4th
2. Q to R 8th (ch)	K takes Kt
3. Kt to K 7th. Mate.	

If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q to B 6th (ch), K moves, 3. Q or Kt mates; if 1. K to R 6th, 2. Q to R 8th (ch); and if 1. P takes R, then 2. Q takes P (ch), K to B 4th or R 6th, 3. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM NO. 2619.

By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Game played in the Australian Championship Tournament between the leading prize-winners, Messrs. E. H. COOMBE and J. HILTON.

(Roy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd
5. P to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd

An interesting variation from well-known lines. Here B to Q 2nd is usual. But, as in many other cases, the order of certain moves matters little, and this opening soon becomes quite sufficiently interesting.

6. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd
7. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 2nd
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P takes P
9. P takes P	Kt to Q Kt 5th
Merely waste of time. White can retreat his Bishop, which is better than exchanging.	
10. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd
11. B to R 4th	P to Kt 4th
These advances, which create a weakness on the King's side, appear necessary, seeing that White threatens P to K 5th.	
12. B to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd
13. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
14. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 4th
It was a choice of evils. The text moves both strengthens White's centre and weakens Black's on the Queen's side, but there was nothing else than Kt to Kt 5th.	
15. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
16. Castles	Castles (K R)
17. P to K B 3rd	Kt to R 4th
18. B to B 2nd	Kt to B 5th
19. I to Q B sq	

Providing for all contingencies. The B Kt is well posted.

23. P to Q B 3rd  
24. P takes P  
25. Kt to B 4th  
26. Kt to K 3rd  
27. Q to B 2nd

To guard against Q to B 5th. But now a pawn goes, and with it the game, but the ending is prettily played.

28. Kt to B 5th  
29. Kt takes P  
30. Q to B 2nd  
31. Kt to Kt 4th  
32. Kt to R sq  
33. Kt to K 3rd  
34. Q R to Q sq  
35. Q to Kt 3rd  
36. Q to R 3rd  
37. Q to R 8th (ch)  
38. R takes Kt  
39. B to B 4th (ch)K to Kt 3rd (ch)  
Kt to Q 5th  
K to B 2nd  
Kt to Kt 6th  
Kt to Q 5th  
Kt to B 2nd  
K to B 2nd  
Q takes R  
K to K 3rd

White mates now in three moves, by 1. Q to Kt 8th (ch), thus elegantly finishing a highly creditable game.

The great match between Messrs. Steinitz and Lasker has ended, and for the first time during a long and brilliant career the old champion in a single-handed encounter knows the bitterness of defeat. The causes are not far to seek. Not only must youth be served in chess, as in every other pastime, but growing years bring their special infirmities to boot. With Mr. Steinitz, one of these is an inordinate belief in the value of certain theories of his own in particular openings, and in this match he has practised it to an obvious extreme. He, in fact, as in his correspondence matches with Mr. Tschigorin, penalised himself with his hobbies. It would, perhaps, be unjust to say his play was not up to his usual standard, for in some games he never showed to greater advantage, but in many there was painful evidence of the obstinacy that will not be taught by experience. Turning to the winner, Mr. Lasker must be congratulated on a remarkable triumph, and his success in a struggle which other masters have essayed in vain leaves him undeniably the foremost living player. His style throughout has been that with which he has familiarised us, resourceful, farseeing, and above all accurate. In the fewness of his mistakes lies the secret of his victory. This precision marks the highest order of play and points the goal to which chess is slowly moving. The mathematician will rule here as elsewhere, and sport must go hand in hand with science, not for pleasure, as Tennyson sang, but by dire compulsion. We need not, however, anticipate evil. There will always be Blackburns and Birds to provide the beautiful, the Laskers to give the true may be few and far between. Meanwhile we hail the new king, and send a message of respectful sympathy to the one that is disrowned. The final score was Lasker 10, Steinitz 5, draws 4.

The annual match between the St. George's and City Chess Clubs was fought in the rooms of the former on May 26, when fifteen on each side sat down to play. The City, as usual, was strongly represented, but the opposition unfortunately could not muster its best, so that the success of the visitors was almost assured from the first. The leaders of the home team scarcely did what was expected of them, while an undeniably tail George's 3.

*Double Diagrams in Chess Openings.* By Thomas Long, B.A. (J. E. Wheatley and Co., 12, New Street, Huddersfield.) In the monotonous outpouring of books on the opening it is pleasant to come across one at last with some redeeming touch of originality such as Mr. Long here presents to us. He has discovered that there are two sides even to analytical chess, and the incurable laziness of human nature will neither cross the table nor turn the board round to regard the development from the other point of view. Two diagrams are, therefore, given of each normal position in the opening, one from the White side, the other from the Black, and we cannot but think the idea is a most serviceable one. The analyses are on the same clear and simple lines over which the author has previously travelled, and the book is well printed and handsomely got up. Altogether, both author and publisher are to be congratulated on their workmanship.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The last Drawing-Room was smaller than had been anticipated. The dresses, however, were as beautiful as any seen this season. The Princess of Wales, who took the place of the Queen, wore white once more; the white satin was embroidered in jet, and trimmed with black lace and white roses and sprays of laburnum. The Countess Dowager of Airlie, who generally is seen in a sort of nun-like habit, looked stately in a Court gown of black and grey; the train was of black satin lined with grey, and the rest of the dress of black silk, the sleeves slashed with grey velvet, the berthe and flounce on the skirt being fine black lace, with pleatings laid here and there of the grey velvet. The Countess of Lucan also wore black and grey, the grey in her petticoat being in the form of panels of satin embroidered in steel, and turned back with revers of pink velvet, and steel embroideries running across the pink and lace-draped bodice. Lady Whitehead's stately grace was seen to advantage in her Court gown, of a moiré shot blue and pink so delicate and shimmering that mauve and green too seemed to glance from it in some lights. The petticoat was embroidered in points from waist to hem with jet, and the corsage was arranged to correspond, with the addition of a little fine black lace, while the train, from one shoulder, was of black velvet lined with white satin. She presented her daughter, whose petite figure was well suited by a plain gown of white bengaline trimmed with tulle and baby-ribbon. Mrs. Asquith in her wedding-dress was much admired by the ladies in the same rooms with her; its beautiful lace flounce and chiffon drapings were soft to a degree, while the silver brocade train being lined with pinkish mauve took off all coldness. Mrs. Asquith's diamonds were splendid, her tall tiara being fringed with loosely swinging brilliants, in the manner that we are more used to see in single-stone earrings. Another exceptionally lovely dress was the Hon. Mrs. Claude Portman's, which was distinguished for its embroideries, even at this juncture, when such work is a feature of full-dress costume. It had a wide front of white satin, embroidered from waist to hem in lines tapering to the feet, the design being of clusters of czar violets, with their foliage, and branches of yellow mimosa. The violets were done in raised work, consisting of a multitude of close-lying loops of baby-ribbon, the shape and colour of the flower being reproduced in this way exact to nature; the rest of the embroidery was done in silk. The train was of sulphur-yellow velvet, lined with white satin and trimmed with clusters of white feathers and some beautiful lace.

With much reason the *Lady's Pictorial* this week protests against the omission of women from the "birthday honours." It is surely anomalous that, after the long and successful reign of a woman sovereign, her birthday should be still signalled exclusively by honours from her hands to male subjects. I pointed this out in this column at the time of her Majesty's Jubilee. Then also I suggested the women's special celebration of that memorable occasion—an idea that was at once influentially taken up and carried to so successful an issue. Alas, the other suggestion was not so fruitful! Yet who would not have thoroughly approved if, just for one example, Florence Nightingale, one of the greatest and most honoured figures of the reign, had had conferred on her by her Queen some mark of distinction? The appointment of Mr. Jacob Bright as Privy Councillor is perhaps meant as an indirect compliment to women, for it was Mr. Jacob Bright who took up the Women's Suffrage Bill when it was perforce dropped on the loss of his seat by John Stuart Mill, its first introducer. However, the Yorkshire Union of Women's Co-operative Societies have formally passed a resolution to the effect that Mrs. Bright (who chiefly passed the Married Women's Property Act) ought as well to be added to the Privy Council. Perhaps this would be the simplest way in which some illustrious women could be included in the distribution of honours for public services, since it is a mere honour (the duties of the Privy Council as a whole being nominal only), and since the title of "Right Hon." annexed to the appointment is not a distinctively masculine one. Women are, however, being every week more and more asked to take part in actual deliberations on Governmental matters: the appointment of three ladies on the Royal Commission on Secondary Education has now been followed up by the appointment of Miss Orme to be a member of the Home Secretary's Commission on the Management of Prisons; and the report of the lady "Assistant Commissioners" on labour is being received.

Miss Florence Nightingale, who is exactly a year younger than her Majesty, and who is still most active in mind and philanthropy, though she is confined to her room by chronic illness, has just written a paper for publication. It is in the form of a biographical sketch of a late lady superintendent of a great workhouse infirmary, but is really intended, as Miss Nightingale says, as "a war-cry for successors to fill her place." The picture that this dear, veteran reformer of nursing draws of the condition of workhouse infirmaries is appalling, and ought to arouse attention from those in authority. But apart from what she has to say about those places, and nursing, there is singular interest in the enforcement by her pen of the great lesson, so often needed still by women, that natural genius is nowhere without proper and steady study, and that love and ambition and enthusiasm are all of no avail if there be not the power and the will to submit to discipline, and training, and hard work. "How can anyone undervalue business habits," asks "Saint Filomena," "as if anything in the world could be done without them! And, besides this, she trained herself to the utmost in the art of nursing, which, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion and as hard a preparation as any painter's or sculptor's art.... Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered necessary for men." Those wise words should be at once learned by heart by every girl who wants to do any sort of work. The revered writer of them is herself an illustration of the truth of what she says; for she had gone through years of hard training and severe practical work as a sick-nurse before the Crimean War gave her her great opportunity.

## ROYAL APPOINTMENTS.



H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.



Her Majesty the Queen.



H.I.M. the Empress Frederick of Germany.

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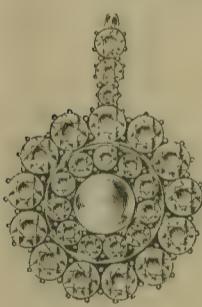
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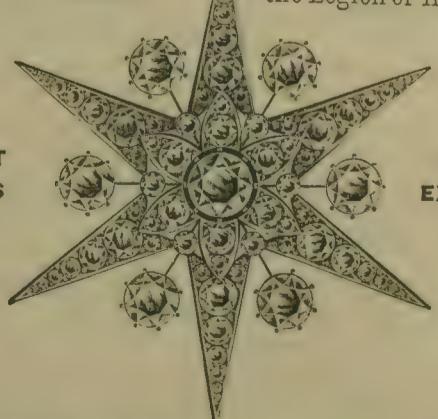
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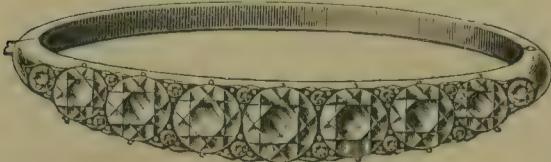


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariot of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Feb. 1, 1893) of Sir William McQuie of Ballockneek and Balwill, Stirlingshire, residing at Heathbank, Pollokshields, who died on Feb. 3, granted to William Craig Robertson, Robert Gourlay, David Richmond, Hugh Pollok, Hugh Sutherland, and William McIntosh, the executors nominate, was ressealed in London on May 29, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £110,366.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1892) of Mr. Samuel Herbert Cooper, of Oulton Grange and Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on May 26 by Edward Herbert Cooper and Charles D'Oyley Cooper, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and certain furniture and effects to his wife; £9000 upon trust to pay the income to her during widowhood, in addition to the provision made for her by the settlement executed on their marriage; and there are some pecuniary and specific bequests to children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of the county of Stirling, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 5, 1894), of Mr. William Hamilton Burns, Writer, Falkirk, who died on Jan. 20, granted to James John Burns, Charles Stewart Gould, James Alexander Henderson, and James Stark Hay, the executors nominate, was ressealed in London on May 17, the value of the personal estate amounting to £34,610.

The will (dated March 12, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 21, 1894), of Major Frederick Gordon Mackenzie, of 5, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, who died on April 22, was proved on May 24 by Mrs. Anna Maria Graham, the mother, and Captain Cortlandt Gordon Mackenzie, R.A., the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to Guy's Hospital, the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Fulham Road), the London Orphan Asylum, and the Montreal General Hospital (Montreal, Canada); an amount not exceeding £150 per annum, at the discretion of his executors, to Florence Cunningham for life; £100 to his executor, Captain C. G. Mackenzie; and his personal ornaments and chattels personal to his mother. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his mother for life, and then for his brothers and sisters.

The will (dated April 26, 1873), with ten codicils, of Colonel Julius Barras, who died on April 6, at Scarborough, was proved on May 28, by Captain Arthur Hughes-Onslow and Colonel Julius Somerset Hughes-Onslow, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. There are various legacies to relatives, executors, and others. His estate, The Leam, near Gateshead, Durham, and all other his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, the testator settles upon the second surviving son of his sister, Mrs. Judith Charlotte Hughes-Onslow.

The will (dated June 17, 1892), with two codicils (dated June 24, 1892, and Jan. 12, 1894) of Mr. Robert James Snape, of 2, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, and 4, Paper Buildings, Temple, barrister-at-law, who died on April 18, was proved on May 28 by Cyrus Slater, the Rev. William Snape Cadman, the nephew, and Frederick Glynn Adams, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator gives numerous legacies to his sister, nephews, nieces, and others. As to the residue of his property, he leaves five elevenths to the children of his late sister Letitia Ann Rose Cadman, and six elevenths, upon trust, for his sister Anna Edge Walker, for life; then as to five elevenths for her four daughters and one eleventh for other of his nephews and nieces.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Feb. 21, 1890) of the Hon. Anna Hore Ruthven, of 8, Pitt Street, Portobello, who died on April 8, granted to the Hon. Mrs. Jane Stuart O'Grady, the sister, and John Francis William Deacon, the executors nominate, was ressealed in London on May 21, the value of the personal estate in England, Ireland, and Scotland amounting to £8051.

The will of Colonel Alexander John Vibart, retired Bombay Staff Corps, of the East India Service Club and 40, St. James's Street, who died on April 19, was proved on May 24 by Colonel Henry Meredith Vibart, retired R.E., the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2458.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At the Missionary Conference of the Anglican Communion, some very interesting questions have been discussed. Among these were the relations of Anglican Missions with those of the Church of Rome. The Bishop of Lahore said that he had never yet met with an organised mission of the Church of Rome to heathens or Mohammedans except in places where God had previously and conspicuously blessed the labours of some other Christian body. No *modus vivendi* is possible as between the Church of Rome and other communions. As regards the relations of the Anglican Church to the missions and other Christian bodies, the Bishop was disposed to favour, while the conditions of lands like India remain what they are at present, a kind of territorial system. Another speaker said that the methods of the Roman Catholic Church in Africa were altogether to be condemned. What seemed to be, three hundred years ago, successful missions have ended in the utter relapse of the native Christians into heathenism, and the few priests still to be found among the Portuguese in Africa were characterised by the Rev. Henry Rowley, of the S.P.G., as ignorant and generally immoral. Canon Jacob said that if America should continue to work in India as at present, the Christianity of India by and by would be due to America more than to England.

Still more important was the discussion of polygamy, which was considered by an assembly of men only. Father Fuller said that Roman Catholics thought Christ's law of monogamy was a law for heathens as well as Christians.

This he considered an error. Dr. Cust thought that converts with several wives should not be baptised, but should remain catechumens until all but one of the wives died. But the wives, if converted, should be admitted into the Church. Mr. Sydney Gedge, a leading Evangelical, said that he should even admit to Holy Communion all men who had been lawfully married to more than one wife. He would put monogamy forward as the standard, and count upon their leading up to it. Bishop Selwyn said that they must not weaken the law and bond of marriage as taught by Christ.

Canon Pelham's resignation of the living of Lambeth, owing to his daughter's ill-health, will be much regretted. He goes to Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

The S.P.G. are about to issue a missionary atlas containing forty-three maps. If done in a catholic way such a book should be most useful.

Professor George Adam Smith is preparing a new atlas of Palestine, which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

"Peter Lombard," the genial correspondent of the *Church Times*, has some interesting notes on the parish churches round Bury St. Edmunds. I am surprised that he did not mention James Mozley's connection with Stowlangtoft, and especially that he had nothing to say of the connection of Lavenham with the Isaac Taylor family. Few things of the kind are more delightful than the sketch of Lavenham in the autobiography of Mrs. Gilbert, and "Peter Lombard," to his honour be it said, is the very man to appreciate it.

The religious event of the week has perhaps been the jubilee of the Y.M.C.A. Those responsible for the management have been agreeably surprised by the expressions of sympathy they have received from all sides.

Nothing very remarkable is to be noted in the proceedings of the Scotch Assemblies. The Assembly of the Church of Scotland has enlarged its Assembly Hall, and has the stimulus of greater audiences. The question of Disestablishment has come to the front in both courts. There seems on the part of the Church of Scotland, or, at least, on the part of some members, a disposition of compromise on the basis of disestablishment without disendowment. According to this plan the endowments would be retained and divided among Presbyterians; but, as the population of Scotland is by no means exclusively Presbyterian, it may be seriously doubted whether such proposals are practicable.

The *Guardian*, of all papers, advocates the legitimacy of a distinction being drawn between novels for grown-up people and novels for girls. This is apropos of Mr. George Moore's book "Esther Waters," which, by the way, is now in its twentieth thousand. The *Guardian* thinks that, while exception may be taken to some things, "Esther Waters" is a good book, fitted for men and women to read, but not fit for girls. This is an abandonment of the whole position that all works of literature should be such as young girls can read. V.



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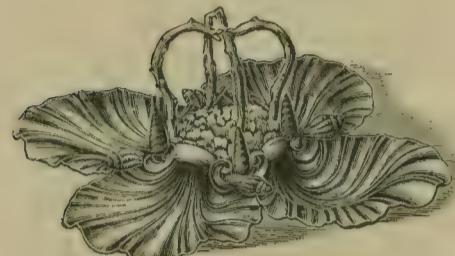
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## MUSIC.

The best house of the season down to the time we are writing was that which gathered for Madame Melba's *rentrée* on Saturday, June 2. She continues to make progress, and her Marguerite has many excellences now that it did not possess when she first played the part here. Our only complaint is that she over-dresses it, the elaborate costume which she wears in the garden scene being more fit for a duchess than for a damsel whose peace of mind can be completely upset by the sight of a few jewels. Madame Melba's faultless vocalisation exercised its accustomed charm, and her welcome was marked by the utmost warmth. We must return for a moment to the performance of "Les Huguenots," given on the previous Thursday, if only for the purpose of noting the *début* of Madame Adini, a dramatic soprano well known to the Continental public. This lady's voice has suffered somewhat from wear and tear, but the high notes still retain their roundness and power, while her phrasing and declamation bespeak an artist of thoroughly dramatic instincts. From a histrionic standpoint her Valentina was admirable throughout, and on the whole Madame Adini may be credited with a very successful first appearance. Other new features of the cast were Mdlle. Simonnet's graceful impersonation of the Queen, the effective Page of Mdlle. Olitzka, and the first-rate Nevers of M. Albers. M. Cossira's Raoul di Nangis showed a marked advance

upon his effort of three years ago; but M. Plançon's fine organ scarcely has the requisite volume in the lower notes for the music of Marcello.

We cannot help feeling sorry that Signor Pizzi's one-act opera, "Gabriella"—performed for the first time in England in concert form at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, June 2—has elicited such unfavourable opinions. That the verdict is perfectly just no one can deny. At the same time it is not calculated to encourage Madame Patti in her laudable desire to foster new talent and to extend a repertory with which the public has now grown pretty familiar. That the diva meant well by her choice of "Gabriella," we feel convinced; unfortunately, however, neither story nor music possesses the elements essential for success, and, what is worse, the title-part, which was supposed to be written expressly to suit Madame Patti, not only does not suit her at all, but is positively kept in the background during half the action of the opera. This lack of opportunity would be noticeable enough in a stage performance, but in the concert-room it seemed positively cruel. There sat the greatest of living singers on the platform of the Albert Hall with comparatively little to do—doing that little to perfection and waiting patiently for her next turn—when all the time she ought to have been called upon for the lion's share of the work. Once, in a duet with the tenor, Mr. Robert Kaufmann, she had a shadow of a chance, and made so much of it that an encore was insisted upon. But it was an unsatisfactory

business; what little *kudos* may have resulted from it certainly did not go to the composer. Let Madame Patti not be disheartened, though. She need not necessarily seek for new triumphs amid the "fresh woods" of modern Italy.

The Richter Concerts, limited this season to four, began on Monday, June 4, when St. James's Hall was filled from end to end by a representative and enthusiastic audience. The celebrated Viennese conductor was greeted with more than habitual warmth, for his London friends doubtless bore in mind that he had only recently recovered from a short but sharp illness, not unattended with danger. He looked well, however, and had already partially replaced the familiar beard which had had to be removed while he was an invalid. The evening's work was worthy in every respect of the reputation won in our midst by Dr. Richter and his excellent orchestra. The interpretation of the overture to "Die Meistersinger" and the prelude to "Parsifal" was as irreproachable as ever, while Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony was given in a manner equally needless to describe. Brahms's variations on a theme by Haydn were made doubly welcome by a superb rendering, and hearty applause was forthcoming after the performance for the first time at these concerts of Smetana's symphonic poem "Výsehrad," a remarkably picturesque and interesting composition belonging to a cycle of similar pieces collectively entitled "Mein Vaterland."

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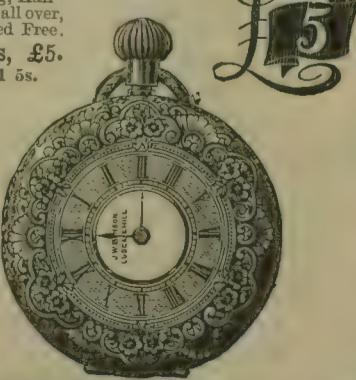
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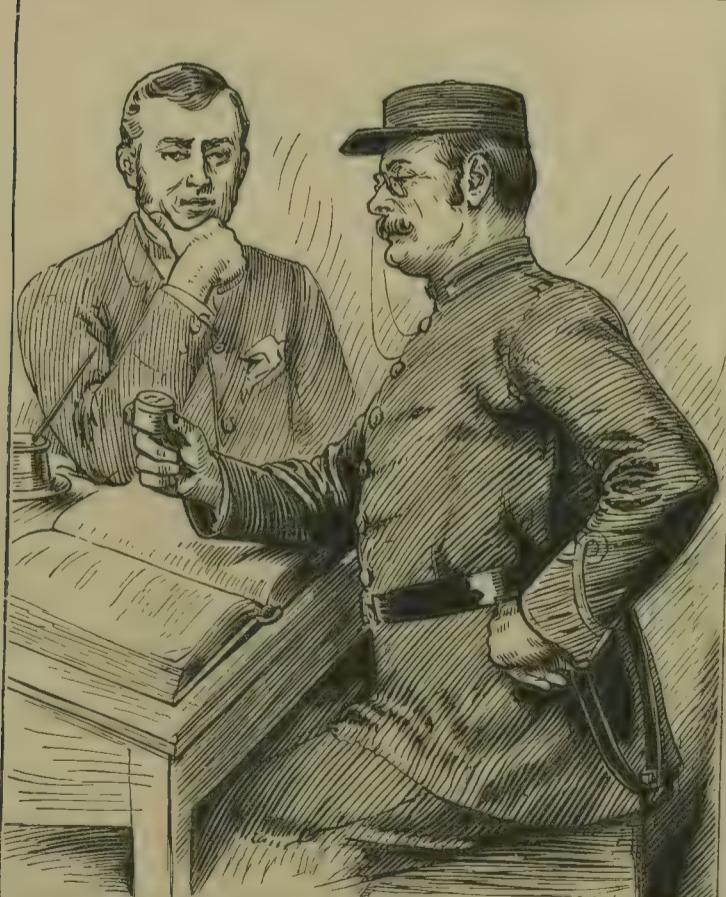
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## OBITUARY.

We have to record the deaths of—

General Sir John Jarvis Bisset, K.C.M.G., C.B., on May 25, at Shakespeare Lodge, Folkestone. He was son of Captain Alexander Bisset, R.N., flag lieutenant to Lord Nelson. Sir John, who was Hon. Colonel 2nd Durham Light Infantry, served through the Kaffir Wars of 1839 and 1846-47, at the close of which he was appointed Brigade Major of British Kaffraria. He married, first, in 1848, Charlotte Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. A. B. Morgan, M.D., and secondly, in 1888, Frances Hannah, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Bridge.

Vice-Admiral George William Preedy, C.B., on May 30, at Park House, Budleigh Salterton. He was born in 1817, and was son of Mr. Robert Preedy, of Hampton, in the county of Worcester. In 1864 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Captain G. W. Webber, R.N.

Mr. Edward Allesley B. Ward-Boughton-Leigh, of Brownsover Hall, Warwickshire, on May 25, at Vevey, Switzerland. Mr. Ward-Boughton-Leigh, born in 1822, was eldest surviving son of Mr. John Ward, of Brownsover Hall, who assumed the additional surnames and arms of Boughton and Leigh, having married Theodosia de Malsburg, only daughter and heiress of Sir Egerton

Leigh, Bart., by Theodosia, his wife, daughter of Sir Edward Boughton, Bart. The late Mr. Ward-Boughton-Leigh was High Sheriff for Warwick in 1876. He married, in 1867, Ellen Caroline, daughter of the Hon. Charles Lennox Butler, son of Lord Dunboyne, and leaves issue.

Mr. Hugh Montgomery, of Grey Abbey, county Down, on May 29, at Scotney Castle. Mr. Montgomery represented a branch of the noble family of Montgomery of Eglington, which has been resident in Ireland since the early part of the seventeenth century. He was High Sheriff of Down in 1845. In 1846 Mr. Montgomery married Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Herbert, second daughter of Edward, second Earl of Powis, K.G., and leaves issue.

Dame Elizabeth Marianne St. George, on May 31, at 22, Cornwall Gardens. She was daughter of Mr. Thomas Evans, of Lymminster, Arundel, and widow of General Sir John St. George, G.C.B., R.A.

Sir Henry Watson Parker, on May 31, at his residence, 10, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead. Sir Henry was President of the Incorporated Law Society in 1887, and was knighted in the same year. He married, in 1852, Marian, daughter of Mr. James Rorauer, of the Treasury.

Colonel Sir George Maude, K.C.B., on May 31, at the Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace. Sir George, who was

grandson of Viscount Hawarden, served through the Eastern campaign of 1854, and was dangerously wounded at Balaklava. He was subsequently appointed Crown Equerry to the Queen. In 1845 Sir George married Katherine Katinka, daughter of Mr. Charles G. Beauclerk, of St. Leonard's Lodge, and leaves issue.

The Hon. Roden Berkeley Wriothesley Noel, on May 26, at Mayence. Mr. Noel, who was born in 1834, was fourth son of the Earl of Gainsborough. He was author of "Beatrice, and other Poems," and was at one time Groom of the Privy Chamber. In 1863 he married Alice, daughter of Mr. Paul de Broë, and leaves issue.

The materials of the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, which originally formed part of the building of the Dublin Exhibition Palace in 1865, have been sold by auction, fetching prices little more than the value of old iron and glass, but covering the cost of removal.

The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough Cathedral have given instructions to Mr. Pearson, R.A., to design a memorial of Queen Catherine of Arragon to be placed in the Cathedral. They have also decided to erect a memorial of Mary Queen of Scots, her body having for a short time lain in the Cathedral.

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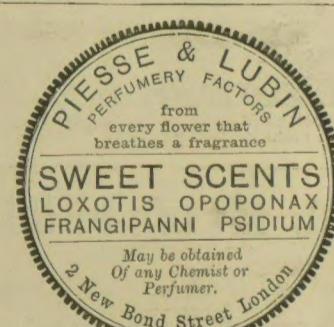
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

For the benefit of Princess May's ward of the Royal Hospital, Richmond, Shakspere's comedy "Twelfth Night" was given as a pastoral play in the grounds of the Albany Club, Kingston, on June 2. The Duke of Teck, Prince Alexander, and a distinguished audience witnessed with marked appreciation the efforts of the players on the green-sward near by the river. It was a charming setting for any play, for the scene made an admirable temporary Illyria. It only needed "the glorious sun," of which Sebastian speaks, to give the finishing touches to a lovely picture, framed by stately cedars. The play was produced under the experienced management of

Mr. Alexander Watson, whose dignified impersonation of Malvolio has before gained high praise. Miss Mary Bessie was an excellent Maria to Miss Mabel Harrison's gracious Olivia. Viola was a decided success as played by Miss Rosalie Whyte. The noisy humour of Sir Toby Belch was carefully delineated by Mr. Jowett; Mr. W. H. Jones sang and played with much refinement; and Mr. W. E. Lincoln as Sir Andrew Aguecheek was above criticism.

The Rev. S. R. Crockett, the author of "The Raiders," paid a fine compliment to Mr. J. M. Barrie in a sermon preached the other Sunday in Free St. George's, Edinburgh. Referring to Mr. Barrie's illness in Kirriemuir, he

said that in the Forfarshire village there lay that night sick and weak the man who had done more than any hundred ministers to make the religion of Scotland respected throughout the world.

The annual Court of the Victoria University, held at Owens College, Manchester, on May 31, elected Principal Ward, of Owens College, to be Vice-Chancellor, in place of Professor Rendall, the Principal of University College, Liverpool, who has been in office four years. During this period, the number of candidates yearly presenting themselves for examination has increased from 387 to 762, and the number of degrees conferred, which in 1890 was fifty-seven, had risen in 1893 to 117.

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The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Grimaud, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom deserve their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La File de Madame Angot," performed by Messmes Montbazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mouquet, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1, consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deshayes, Mademoiselle Serra and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich; Messrs. Quyeula and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisèdec and Quyeula; "Rigoletto"; "La Fille du Régiment"; and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mdlle. Elven, M. Quyeula, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

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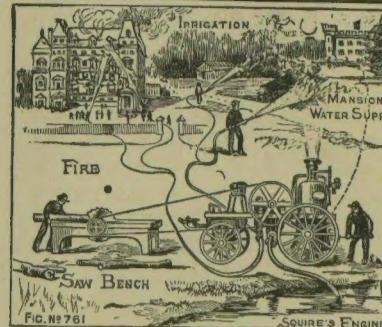
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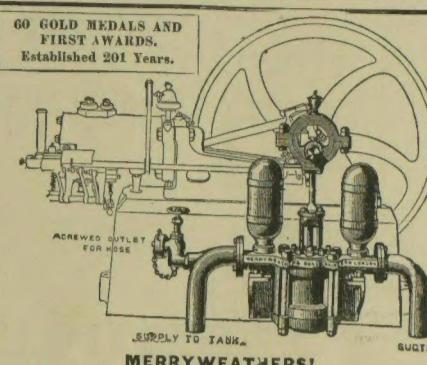
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